

# The Sketch



No. 882.—Vol. LXVIII.

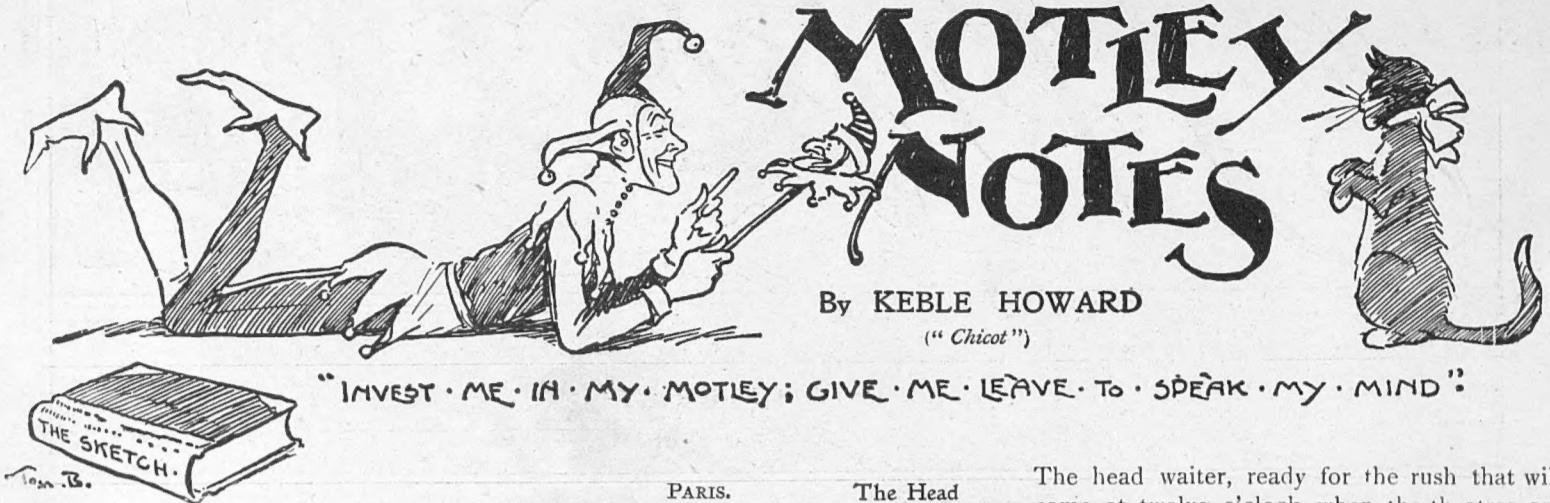
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

*Photograph of Miss Emmy Wehlen by the Dover Street Studios.*



"My Favourite  
Café."

PARIS.

I am sitting in my favourite café. (It is the correct thing, you know, to have a favourite café. When I remind you that there are in Paris rather more than twenty thousand cafés, you will realise how absurd it is that I should pitch upon one of the twenty or thirty known to me more or less intimately as being my favourite. But let that pass. Let me enjoy the luxury of doing the correct thing. Allow me to come into line.) The evening is just beginning. It is eleven o'clock. The band is playing the "Barcarolle" from "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." The café is comfortably filled, but not crowded. We are divided into two well-defined sets—the people who inspect each other, who appraise each other's clothes, who come to be seen with eyes of admiration and to see with eyes of disparagement; and those who come to play cards or dominoes, to write their letters, to read the papers, to listen to the band—to be simply and unostentatiously happy. On my immediate right sits a stout, middle-aged lady playing dominoes with a small, rather scrubby man. He may be her husband, but is more probably her son or nephew. They make a great rattling with the dominoes every now and then, but are entirely free from self-consciousness. Nobody looks up, nobody protests, nobody is surprised. In point of fact, nobody cares.

Some of My  
Friends.

At the table in front of me, four headlong fellows are playing cards. The first, a dark, smooth-haired little man, with a rather long nose and enormous black moustache, is so intent on the game that he has forgotten, this half-hour past, to light his cigarette. On his right is a much older man, grey-haired, a trifle wrinkled, placid. He has a wooden pipe with a very long stem. I fancy he is losing, but that does not affect his spirits so long as his pipe draws freely. Facing the cheerful smoker is a big, fleshy man with a shock of hair that stands straight up from his head; he, too, has a long pipe. The fourth man is round, fair, and spectacled. He does not talk very much. He is appreciative, gentle—an ideal fourth in any party. A little further away is quite an old lady, in a wonderful hat, or bonnet, or toque. She reminds me of a field-marshal. It is really a wonderful structure, steely blue in colour. When she speaks emphatically, as she does nearly all the time, each feather executes a *pas seul de joie*. It is very warm in the café, but she retains her heavy fur coat, and keeps her hands in her enormous fur muff—save when it is necessary to withdraw one in order that she may sip her *fin*. Her escort is a youth in a bowler-hat, a butterfly-tie, and a tiny overcoat with a velvet collar. He is paying great attention to the old lady. Doubtless, he will get his reward.

The Parisian  
Bachelor Girl.

Beyond this couple, a young woman with a defiant air, full cheeks, and a retroussé nose is sitting alone. She is not expecting anyone, nor even hoping to see anyone. They drift in and out, these Parisian bachelor girls, order their coffee or their beer, sip it slowly, pay their own shot, tip the waiter with a graceful, intimate little air, and then slip away to climb to their tiny *appartements* in one of the great houses of which every street is composed. There is something very thorough about the Parisian bachelor girl. You cannot help admiring her courage, her quiet independence. She is no amateur in the game of life. She plays it steadily and fairly, without squealing.

By KEBBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

The Head  
Waiter.

He is a fat little man, quite sixty years of age, clean-shaven—at any rate, as clean as the average Parisian considers necessary—almost bald, with a bulging neck that invites slaps of friendship. One of his subordinates approaches, appreciates the neck, and deals it that same slap of friendship. The head waiter does not reprove him; he does not even move or speak. He has no energy to spare for petty irritations, or the follies that wear and tear younger men. He has one, and only one, object now in life—*pourboires*, *toujours les pourboires*. He dreams of a little cottage in Brittany—a white little cottage, with hens running in and out of the open door, and a little garden, and a stream near by, where the old lady may get down on her rheumaticy knees to wash the clothes, and a café immediately opposite, where the beer is good and the seats well worn, and an accumulation of *pourboires* tied up in a little sack, amply sufficient to last his day, with a good slice over for the old lady in case he should go first, and something even after that, for Marthe, and Pierre, and little Annette.

A Hero to His  
Family.

A new party has just come in and seated itself near me. A young man of thirty, his wife, and his wife's sister. The young man is very hungry. He orders bread-and-butter in large quantities, and a pot of tea, with milk and sugar, all complete. He spreads the butter thickly on the bread, dips the whole into the tea, and eats it with tremendous relish. His women-folk, as well they might, watch him admiringly.

The Café Without  
a Name.

All this, you say, sounds very simple and unsophisticated for a Parisian café, and a café, at that, in one of the best positions on the Grands Boulevards. Well, I do not explain it, or moralise about it, or make tedious and futile comparisons. That would be an absurd thing to do in such a place, at such an hour, in such a mood. I am content to describe it, friend the reader, as nearly and as simply as I can. When you come to Paris, an you will let me have a line in advance, I will tell you the name of my café. Pardon this reticence, but in a city that teems with English and Americans, some of them of a rather blustering, blatant sort, a truly Parisian café within a stone's throw of one's door is a luxury to be jealously guarded.

The Historical  
Pot-Boiler.

"Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc," with that indomitable warrior Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in the name-part, is drawing enormous audiences to Madame's own theatre down by the waterside. I fancy the success must be a genuine one, because I bought the last two seats on the floor of the house, and the play had then been running about a fortnight. For all that, it is not a good play. There is very little material in it. The trial scene itself is well handled, but there is nothing at all for Sarah in the first act, and in the last she is merely heard screaming (off). I spared myself the crude, melodramatic horrors of the last act. I should advise any English playgoer of averagely sensitive temperament to do the same. There is quite enough brutality in the play without that, as, for example, when the three men jailers bait Jeanne in her cell until she is moved to strike one of them in the face, and then make an ugly rush at her and throw her down upon the bed. This is scarcely in keeping with the vaunted highly artistic writing of the French stage. Mme. Bernhardt, of course, could scarcely fail to thrill you in such a part. She is full of fire, intensely adroit, technically perfect. But "Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc" is only a pot-boiler.

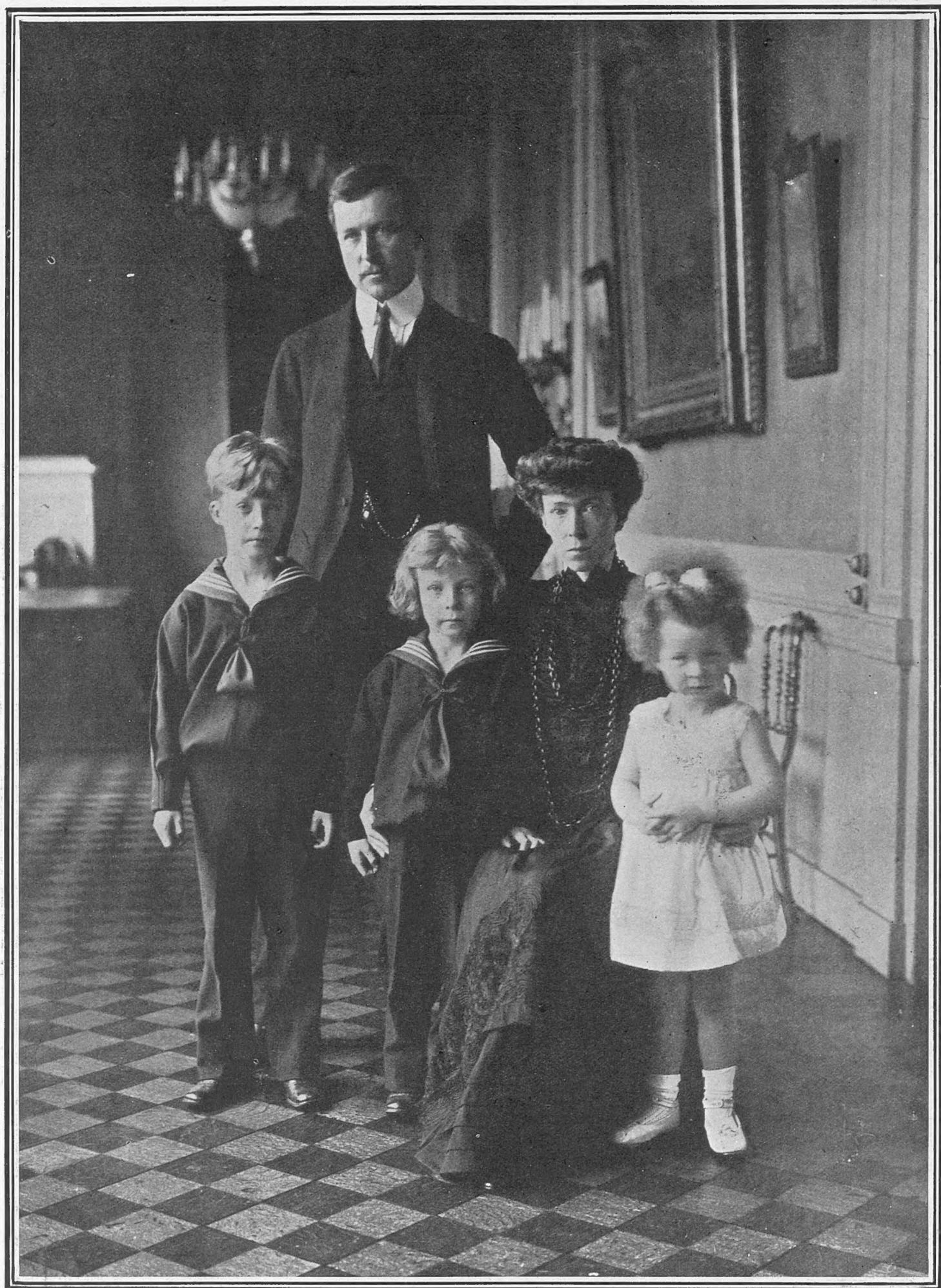
## THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.



MISS VIOLET ASQUITH.

Particular interest attaches to this portrait of Miss Asquith, as it was officially stated immediately after the sad death of the Hon. Archibald Gordon, third and youngest son of Lord Aberdeen, that "an engagement of marriage was entered into between the Hon. Archie Gordon and Miss Violet Asquith shortly before Mr. Gordon's death." The greatest sympathy is being expressed with Lord and Lady Aberdeen and their family, and with Miss Asquith.—[Photograph by Amy Cassels.]

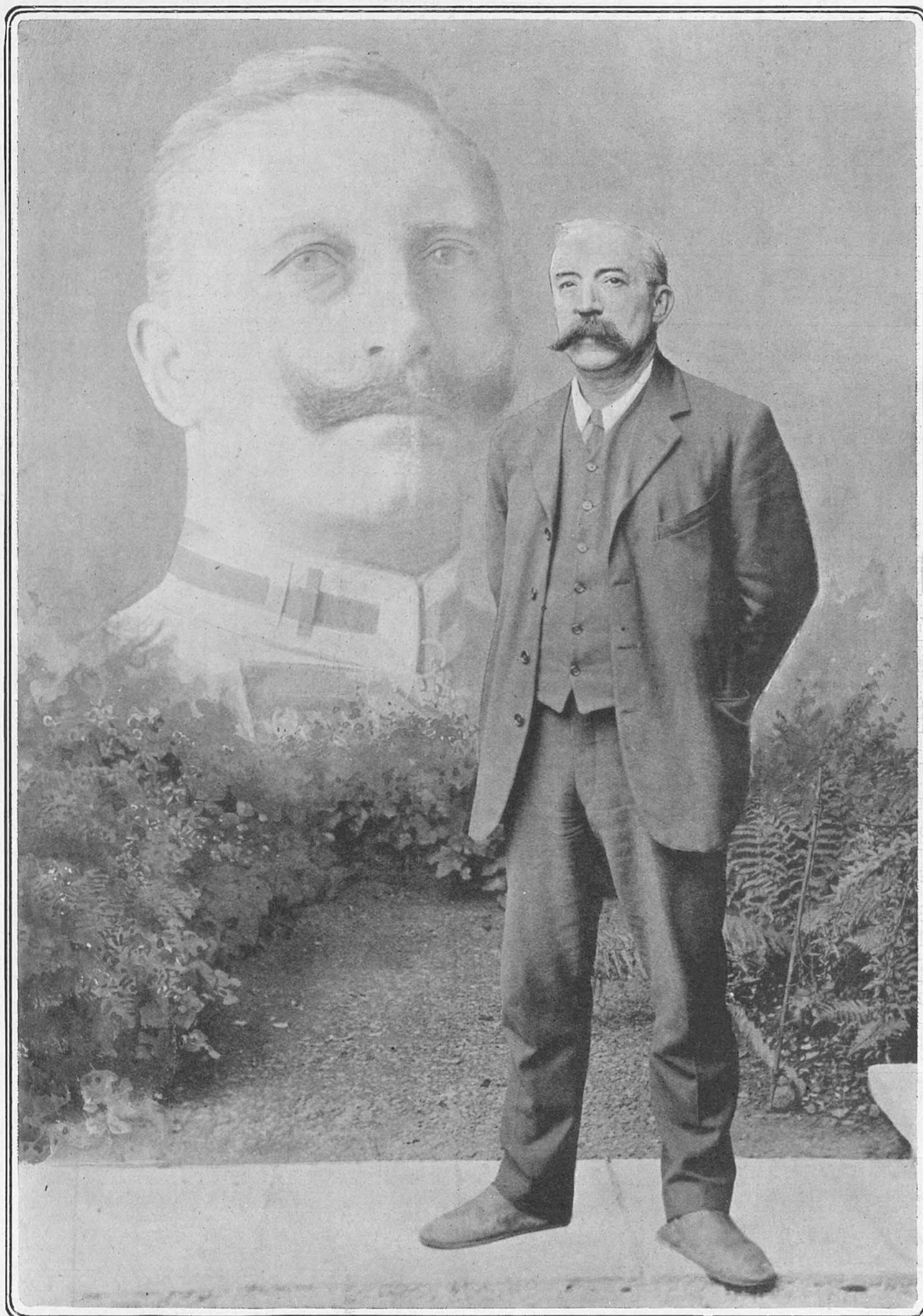
THE NEW KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS  
AND THEIR CHILDREN.



THE KING OF THE BELGIANS, QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE CROWN PRINCE, PRINCE CHARLES,  
AND PRINCESS MARIE.

The new King of the Belgians is the only son of the late Count of Flanders, who died four years ago. He was born at Brussels on April 8, 1875, and married Elizabeth, Duchess of Bavaria, at Munich, in October 1900. Their Majesties have three children—the Crown Prince (Prince Leopold) was born in November 1901; Prince Charles was born in October 1903; and Princess Marie, in August 1906—[Photograph by Chusseau Flavien.]

MR. ROBERT BLATCHFORD'S "SCHRECKGESPENST":  
THE GREAT WAR LORD.



THE "MAILY" FIST AND THE MAILED FIST: MR. ROBERT BLATCHFORD (WITH HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN WAITING).

We make no excuse for dubbing the German Emperor Mr. Robert Blatchford's bogey, for it is evident that "the best-known leader of the English Socialists" thinks Kaiser, just as he would "eat" Kaiser. Seriously, Mr. Blatchford's articles are not only of great interest, but also of great importance, and will probably do much to make the public realise the importance of British naval supremacy.

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BEXHILL  
ST. LEONARDS  
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Trains leave Victoria 9.45 a.m., 12 noon, 1.25, 3.20, 5.20, 6.45, and 9.30 p.m.; also London Bridge 9.55 and 11.50 a.m., 1.15, 2, 4.5, 5.5, 7, and 9.13 p.m. Also Trains to Eastbourne only from Victoria 11.15 a.m. (Sats. only), 4.30, 5.45, and 7.40 p.m., London Bridge 7.45 p.m.

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ISLE OF WIGHTTrains leave Victoria 6.20, 10.25, and 11.25 a.m., 1.42, 3.55, 4.53\*, and 7.20 p.m.; London Bridge 6.35, 10.25, and 11.20 a.m., 1.50, 4, 4.50, and 7.18 p.m.  
\* Not to Isle of Wight. † Not to Hayling Island and Isle of Wight.

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Rivers and Streams of England, A. G. Bradley, Illustrated by Sutton Palmer, 2s. net.

Englishwoman's Year-Book: 1910, Edited by G. E. Mitton, 2s. 6d. net.

Who's Who, 1910, 10s. net.

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Brush, Pen, and Pencil: The Book of Dudley Hardy, A. E. Johnson, 3s. 6d. net.

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Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, 1910, 31s. 6d. net.

KELLY.

Lodge's Peerage, Baronetage, etc., 1910, 21s. net.

WHITAKER.

Whitaker's Almanac, 1910.

## TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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• BRUMMELL •  
IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER  
By COSMO HAMILTON

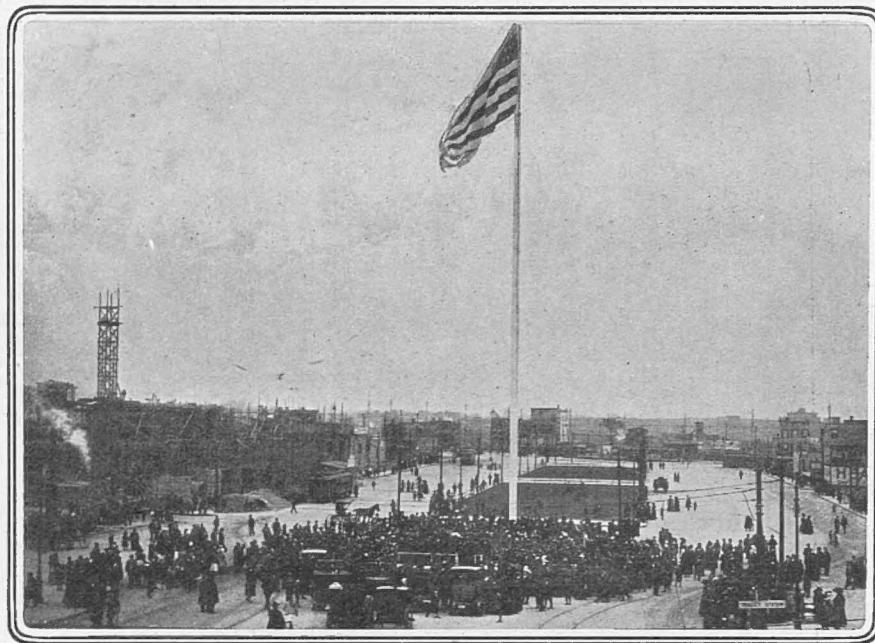
Ninth and Last. I am now comin' with a rush to the ninth type of woman to whom it is possible for man to make love—the ninth and last. And, you'll believe me after I've told you, though possibly not before, that the Unmarryin' Type is the pleasantest to whom to make love of all the types there are. I mean that you start off insured, so to speak, against accidents. You can make love like a Romeo, and even imitate his athletic habits and climb balconies, and still be safe. You can let go in the most marvellous terms. You can work yourself up into an agony of appeal, wholly unmeant, or you can pour forth volleys of reproaches, entirely insincere, and, I repeat, still be safe. But you must be very careful to be absolutely certain that you say and do all these things to a representative of the Unmarryin' Type. Otherwise—well, you've done it, you've cooked the goose, you've laid yourself open to a weddin' breakfast, a honeymoon, and permanent imprisonment. So I think I'd better tell you how you may recognise this particular and not so jolly peculiar type. Mostly, she is not pretty so much as good-looking. Not comellin' so much as charmin'. And she is always very womanly in an astonishingly unwomanly manner. Like the confessedly womanly woman, clothes and general gewgaws appeal to her very much. In fact, the Unmarryin' Type, you will find, is invariably a woman who dresses exquisitely, with an atmosphere en suite, and spends a good deal of her time with her dressmakers, pinchin' velvets, scrutinisin' silks, and going "Ah!" at the sight of bugles, and so forth and so on. You will further know the Unmarryin' Type from the fact that she goes everywhere and does everything and has a very large circle of men friends—people who are called "tame robins" by no one else than dear old Pin, who always digs up quaint expressions from his commonplace-book that grow at once into the English language. With one or other of these redbreasts, perky little fellers, with moustaches curled the wrong way and little feet in

order to have supper with yet another robin; and he will eventually see her home to her bright particular flat, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Portland Place, W.—a bright particular neighbourhood too, 'pon my soul. For, astonishingly enough, the Unmarryin' Type always lives alone, with a companion supplied by the *Mornin' Post*, who comes, generally speakin', from the country rectory, and plays the zither and talks Meredith to all and sundry.

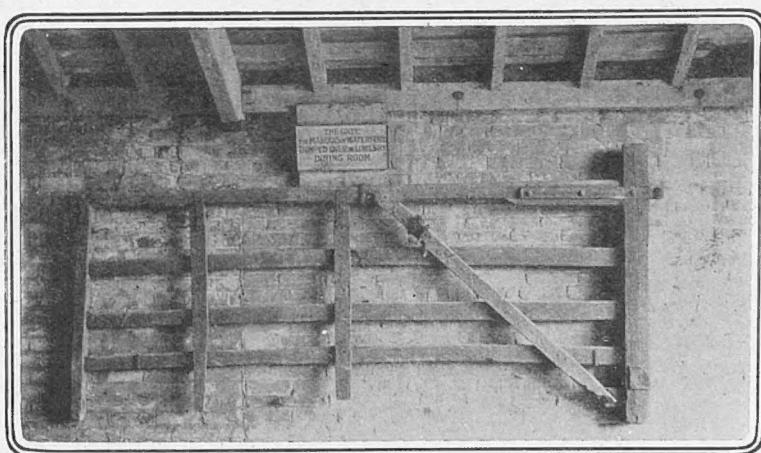
Art and General The Un-  
Clitter. marryin' Type is

very brainy. She reads one or two of the bright particular novels of the day, written by men with such funny names as Galsworthy and Jokai and Bernard Shaw and Sienkiewicz, whose great works she quotes on all occasions, and, funny enough, understands, which, to my mind, is the one great test of braininess. She also talks Music and Art and the Theatre, which has nothing whatever to do with Art. In fact, the Unmarryin' Type may be recognised by her conversation, which is frequent and unendin'. The Unmarryin' Type even races a little. I mean that she congregates at Ascot and takes her calves to Cowes;

and by calves, of course, I mean robins. But she never dresses the part. At Ascot, for instance, as well as at Cowes, she remains herself. She still keeps on her flowin' garments of æsthetic cut and her self-designed hat. She has all sorts of brainy reasons for bein' the Unmarryin' Type, dug out of old books about Buddha, and new books about Christian Science and Middle-Aged books by George Moore. And she discusses them very, very openly, in a way that makes the untame robin not only red about the waistcoat, but at the tips of the ears. She is, of course—and I think this goes without sayin'—all for woman's suffrage, though she is never a Suffragette, for she is one of those women who talk incessantly but do dashed little. In her way she is not without a certain amount of attraction. At any rate she catches the eye. Among the ordinary dear women, whose one ambition

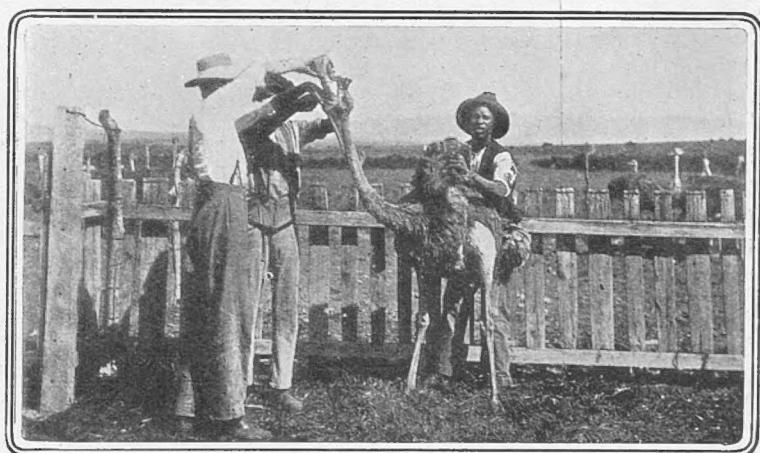


THE WOULD-BE CUP-LIFTER'S GIFT TO AMERICA: THE DEDICATION OF THE MAST OF "SHAMROCK III," WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO NEW YORK BY SIR THOMAS LIPTON, AND HAS BEEN ERECTED AS A FLAGSTAFF ON THE LONG ISLAND CITY PLAZA OF THE QUEENSBORO BRIDGE.—[Photograph by Topical.]



PRESERVED TO COMMEMORATE A REMARKABLE FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP IN A DINING-ROOM: A GATE AT LOWESBY HALL, LEICESTER.  
The placard bears the following inscription: "The gate the Marquis of Waterford jumped over in Lowesby dining-room." Lowesby Hall is the seat of Sir Frederick Fowke.  
Photograph by Topical.

fancy shoes, who chirp the would-be epigram, she may be seen lunchin' at the bright particular restaurant, and dinin' there, too, after which she says "Good-bye" to him and is carried off to the bright particular theatre by another robin, whom she gently dismisses in the hall of the same old bright particular restaurant, in



ONE SWALLOW MAKING A HEALTHY OSTRICH POURING MEDICINE DOWN THE THROAT OF ONE OF THE GREAT BIRDS.  
It is interesting to see the method of administering medicine to these great birds, which recalls the remark made about a giraffe—"How that animal could enjoy a pint of beer!"  
Photograph by L.N.A.

it is to dress and be exactly like every other dear woman, she is as the lily among geraniums; she is tall and white and stemmy, and slightly inclined to flop, and there is an air of great refinement about her. For every reason, therefore, it is good that she belongs to the Unmarryin' Type, both for her sake and yours. What?



Schoolboys' Charity.

Dr. Wood, the Headmaster of Harrow, has protested against the number of charities and patriotic societies which now appeal to schoolboys to swell their funds, and he reminds the secretaries of the numberless institutions which appeal to the rising generation for help that schoolboys go to school to be educated, not to become partisans in politics, patrons of charities, or adherents of rival defensive schemes for this country. Dr. Wood, who is a man of the world as well as a schoolmaster, gives a list of the various societies and charities which make appeals to the Harrow boys, and it is an astonishingly long one. The parents and guardians of the rising hopes of this country will certainly agree with Dr. Wood that the charitable appeals to schoolboys are very much overdone, for it is from their pockets eventually that the subscriptions to this and that charity come. I know that when I wore the dark-blue ribbon and the soup-plate straw hat, patriots and lecturers on the subject of the woes of heathens in foreign parts used to swoop down upon the school on the hill, though not in such numbers as at the present time, and used to draw sixpences and shillings from our pockets. But in the next letter home, with the patriotic or charitable glow still upon me, I used to describe how the hero of many battles had told us that England could only be saved by liberal subscriptions to the fund he represented, or how a missionary, who had once been trussed for roasting amongst the cannibals, had stirred us to enthusiasm by his tales of dauntless heroism in the wilds, and how I had given the whole of my weekly pocket-money to preserve my country, or to turn cannibals into vegetarians. My letter always had its due effect at home, and, though I felt the righteous pride that comes from self-sacrifice, it was from my father's purse that the shilling dropped into the plate, or paid for a ticket, really came.

Pigtails.

The Prince Regent of China is going next year to abolish pigtails throughout the kingdom of the Dragon, and to put all Chinamen into European clothes. One reason given for the abolition of the pigtail is that it is an insanitary thing, and a habitation for germs. But

the long plait of black silk, which is what a pigtail really is, is not any dirtier than any rope which a coolie habitually handles, and it would be as well to insist on the coolie washing himself before condemning his pigtail, which is at least continually well aired. Of course, a pigtail is the sign of the subjection which the Manchoos imposed upon the conquered Chinese;

but the Chinese have become proud of their badge of servitude, very much as the slaves in Rome used to like the gilded name-plates which were hung around their necks. I remember at Singapore that the son of one of the principal Chinese merchants in that tropical island came back from England, where he had been sent to be educated, in admirably fitting European clothes, and with his black hair clipped to about the length that modern European poets affect. His father ordered him out of his sight, and he was banished until he had grown his hair long enough to plait into it the long tail of silk. The customary dress of the Chinaman is so simple and so picturesque that it is a thousand pities that it is to be abolished, and that officials are to wear military uniforms or the black claw-hammer coat of Western civilisation.

A Chinese Execution.

One class of Chinese officials will

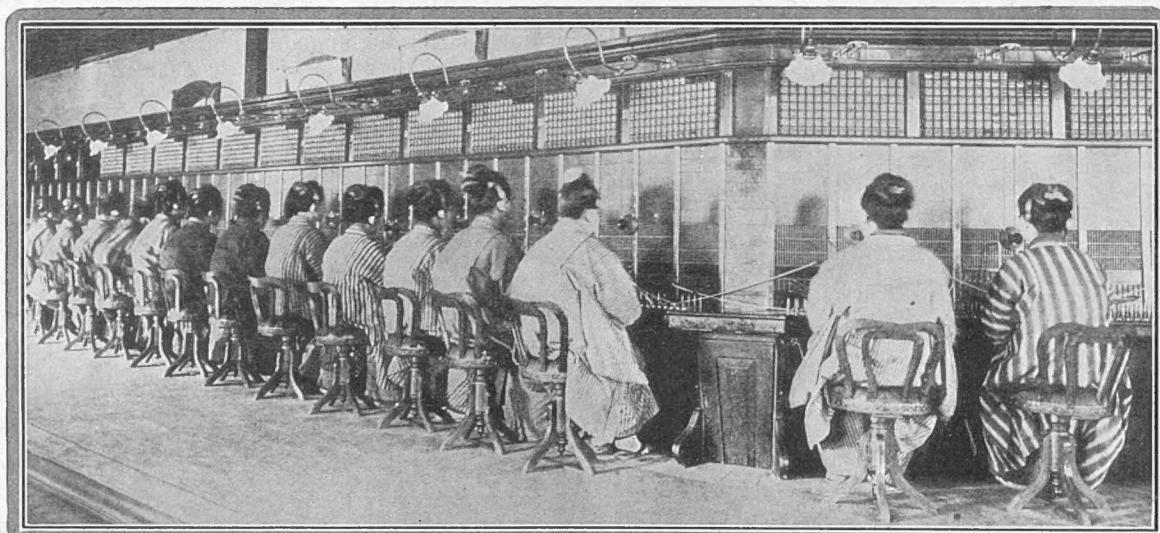
much regret the disappearance of the pigtails, and they are the executioners of China, for a pigtail always plays a great part in an execution, besides being a handy rope by which criminals can be knotted together. I once, quite by chance, witnessed the execution of some Chinese pirates. The beheading took place at the little Chinese town on the mainland opposite Hong-Kong. The pirates had seized a junk which flew the British flag; the Chinese had captured the malefactors,

and, to prove how anxious they were to be good neighbours to the British, executed the men almost within sight of the British town. I had landed on the mainland with some officers from one of the ships, and none of us knew that there was any unusual cause for excitement until we fell in with the local mandarin being carried through the street of the town in his palanquin, attended by a guard of local soldiery. We followed in his train and came to the sea-shore, where a great mob of Chinamen was being kept back from where six or seven miserable wretches knelt, each with his hands behind him, and with a paper on his back setting forth his name and the crime for which he was to die. As the mandarin was borne into the cleared space a gong beat, a Chinaman seized the pigtail of the first pirate and jerked his head forward; the executioner,



THE "HULLO GIRLS" OF "CHINESE AMERICA": CHINESE TELEPHONE WORKERS AT THEIR SWITCHBOARD IN THE CHINATOWN EXCHANGE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Photograph by B. Hellinich



THE "HULLO GIRLS" OF JAPAN: JAPANESE TELEPHONE WORKERS AT THEIR SWITCHBOARD IN TOKIO.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

standing behind, gave one cut with a big sword, and the decapitated head was swung into the earthen pot which was in waiting for it. The mandarin never left his sedan-chair, and as it was borne very slowly parallel to the line of pirates, their heads fell one after another, the executioner changing his sword two or three times during this feat of lightning swordsmanship.

## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A NOVEL RIVER PICNIC: ICE-BOATS INSTEAD OF PUNTS ON THE PEI-HO CANAL.

The Pei-Ho Canal, Tientsin, is usually covered with ice for about three months. The frozen water-way is found very useful for business purposes and for the conveyance of mails to various towns. It also provides many of the Europeans stationed at Tientsin, both military and civil, with opportunities to indulge in various winter pastimes. Ice-boats such as the ones shown are often pushed by friends, but on such an occasion as the one illustrated, which calls for comparatively long journeys, Chinamen are engaged for this work.—[Photograph by O. H. Gillard.]



A MOUSE-TRAP FOR CATCHING TIGERS: A NATIVE DEVICE IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.

It will be seen that, in general construction, the tiger-trap resembles a popular form of mouse-trap in several details. The tiger is lured into the trap by means of a dog or a goat, used as bait. Attacking the bait, the tiger causes the door to fall. When the time comes for the killing of the beast, natives, fully armed, stand about the door, and slay the tiger as it comes out. As a rule, the beast is left unmolested; but when one has got into the habit of visiting villages and creating general havoc, a trap is set.



## SMALL TALK

LADY TIVERTON (CARMARTHEN).

Photograph by Thomson.

and so the niece of the British Ambassador in Paris. Lady Tiverton, whose husband is contesting the Carmarthen District, was Miss Esmé Wallace, the daughter of Lady Duff-Gordon. She is still very young and pretty, and the birth of her little boy last year was naturally a great joy to her parents-in-law, Lord and Lady Halsbury.

*Mrs. F. E. Smith and Mrs. Walron.* Mrs. Smith,

whose husband is contesting once again the Walton Division of Liverpool, is the daughter of a famous Oxford scholar, the late Rev. H. Furneaux. She is the happy mother of a "pigeon pair," and it is interesting to note, as proof of how little political differences interfere with private friendship, that the godfather of the little boy is Mr. Winston Churchill. Mrs. Walron is very popular in the Tiverton Division of Devonshire, which her husband, Mr. Lionel Walron, is contesting. The future Lady Walron is the eldest daughter of Mr. George Coats, and sister of Lady Douro.

*Lady Ninian Crichton-Stuart.* As the sister-in-law of Lord Bute, Lady Ninian Crichton-Stuart is sure of a hearty welcome from the Cardiff District, for which her husband is standing. She is the only daughter of Lord Gormanston, the head of an ancient Catholic family, who has governed several colonies. Lady Ninian is a charming hostess.

*Lady Hermione Cameron.* Lady Hermione Cameron is much beloved in Sutherlandshire, which her husband, Lochiel, intends to represent in the next Parliament. She is one of the handsome children of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose. She married Lochiel some three years ago, not long after he succeeded to the chieftainship of the great clan Cameron.

*Lady Kerr.* Lady Kerr's sweetness and charm are already known to the electors of West Derbyshire, where her husband succeeded the present Duke of Devonshire. Her marri-

age to Lord Lansdowne's heir was particu-

larly happy, for not only were her father, Sir Edward Hope, and Lord Lansdowne old cronies from their Eton days, but her mother is similarly an old friend of Lady Lansdowne.

*Lady Tennant.* Lady Tennant has

so much brilliance and charm of personality that she will be invaluable to Sir Edward in his contest at Salisbury. Oddly enough, though her

sympathies are now with the Liberals, she was brought up in a strictly Conservative atmosphere, being the daughter of the Hon. Percy Wyndham, one of the very first to support Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform crusade, and the sister of Mr. George Wyndham.

MRS. ALFRED MOND (SWANSEA).

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

*Mrs. Alfred Mond.* Mrs. Alfred Mond, whose husband is leaving Chester to contest Swansea Town, is, of course, now in deep mourning for her father-in-law, the great scientist. She is not only beautiful, but extremely witty, amusing, and artistic. Everyone happy enough to get a card remembers her wonderful Watteau Fête last July, with its lovely old French dances.

*Mrs. Seely.* Mrs. Seely is now an experienced electioneer, and the free and independent ones of the Abercromby Division of Liverpool, for which Colonel J. E. B. Seely is standing, are enthusiastic about her. Some years ago, while her husband was at the front, she actually won his election for him in the Isle of Wight. Mrs. Seely is a niece of Lord Erne, and has several beautiful little children.

*Mrs. G. A. Gibbs and Mrs. Cyril Ward.*

Elections must come naturally to Mrs. G. A. Gibbs, whose husband is fighting West Bristol, for she is the elder daughter of one of Mr. Balfour's most trusted lieutenants, Mr. Walter Long. Mrs. Cyril Ward, who is helping her husband in the Thornbury Division of Gloucestershire, is a daughter of the late Baron and Baroness de Brienen. Last year she presented her husband with twin-daughters, only six weeks after her sister-in-law, Lady Dudley, had had twin-sons.

*Lady Bramsdon, and Others.* Lady Bramsdon, whose husband is one of the Liberal candidates for Portsmouth, is

the daughter of a distinguished officer in the service of the old East India Company, Captain Charles Reid. Mrs. Newman, the wife of Mr. J. R. Pretyman Newman, who is contesting the Enfield Division of Middlesex in the Unionist interest, has already done no little work in this large and important constituency. Mrs. Emmott, who is helping her husband in his contest at Oldham, is the daughter of the late Mr. John William Lees. Mrs. Anstruther-Gray is one

of the charming group of Colonial ladies

who have married members of Parliament. She is the daughter of Mr. Andrew Tennant, of Glenelg, South Australia. Her husband is standing for St. Andrew's Burghs. Mrs. Arnold Lupton, who is the wife of the late member and present candidate for the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire, is a Yorkshirewoman by birth, the daughter of the late Mr. J. W. Ramsden, of Leeds.

LADY KERRY (WEST DERBYSHIRE).

Photograph by Thomson.

MRS. SEELY (ABERCROMBY DIVISION OF LIVERPOOL).

Photograph by Thomson.

VOTELESS, YET VOTE-GETTERS! LADIES WELL KNOWN  
IN THE WORLD OF POLITICS.



1. MRS. G. A. GIBBS (WEST BRISTOL).	4. MRS. F. E. SMITH (WALTON DIVISION OF LIVERPOOL).	7. LADY HERMIONE CAMERON (SUTHERLANDSHIRE).
2. THE HON. MRS. CYRIL WARD (THORNBURY DIVISION OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE).	5. MRS. ANSTRUTHER-GRAY (ST. ANDREW'S BURGHS).	8. LADY BRAMSDON (PORTSMOUTH).
3. MRS. ALFRED EMMOTT (OLDHAM).	6. THE HON. MRS. WALROND (TIVERTON DIVISION OF DEVONSHIRE).	9. MRS. ARNOLD LUPTON (SLEAFORD DIVISION OF LINCOLNSHIRE).
10. LADY TENNANT (SALISBURY).		

It is worth noting how women are gradually taking a more and more prominent and active part in public affairs, and at the forthcoming General Election many candidates will have the assistance of their wives, who, although voteless, are amongst the most valuable of vote-getters. No doubt the much-abused Suffragettes have to a great extent stimulated the interest of their sex generally in politics; for women are beginning to feel that they must fit themselves to wield the power of the vote, which it appears certain, must come to them in time, even if it come in but restricted form. In brackets after the name of each lady we give the constituency for which her husband is a candidate.

Photographs Nos. 1, 2, 3, by Thomson; 4, 7, by Kate Pragnell; 5, 8, by Swain; 6, 10, by Keturah Collings; and 9 by Parker.



THE HON. MRS. JAMES A. FITZHERBERT MONCREIFF (FORMERLY MISS LUCY VIDA ANDERSON).  
The wedding took place on the 16th, at St. George's, Doncaster. Mrs. Moncreiff is the elder daughter of Dr. Lechmere Anderson, of Inveresk, Doncaster.

Photograph by Garrison.

ladies to find meet gifts for a Queen. That is a very old puzzle; and Queen Alexandra's ladies are now writing to their friends very much in the strain of Arabella Stuart, three hundred years ago. "I mean," she wrote after much rumination, "to give her Majesty two paire silk stockings lined with plush, and two paire gloves lined, if London afford not some more daft toy I like better, whereof I cannot bethink me."

*A Princess of China.* The Princess of Wales is well known in the art galleries of Lon-

don for her keen discrimination; and during a little tour she made in Bond Street and its neighbourhood last week she gave her guides as much knowledge as she got from them. Her Royal Highness is particularly interested in Wedgwood, and made haste to visit the Exhibition to which the Emperor of Russia has lent the Catherine service of the famous English ware. The Old English silver in the Tsar's collection is the despair of English amateurs; but as for the Princess, she is most envious of the Wedgwood.

*A Revolting Lord.* Lord and Lady Portsmouth are at Hurstbourne, and have been enter-

## CROWNS-COPONETS-COURTIERS

THE KING is a man of tact. So says the world, and so say — his grandchildren. When he gives them a present it is not generally a photograph of himself, but his portrait neatly graven on a golden coin. The Queen's way of solving the Christmas-present problem is not the King's. Her Majesty is punctilious in making her personal choice. Difficult as this sometimes may be, it is easier for a Queen to find meet gifts for her ladies than for her

*The Peers' English.* When Lord Denbigh states that Mr. Ure "can give Ananias two stone and a beating," when the Duke of Norfolk tells his audience that it is "jolly well mistaken" in thinking the Peers will ever retire from the public service, and when Lord Dartmouth calculates aloud that "there is no slump" (Georgian English) in the popularity of a ducal acquaintance of his own it looks as if the peers were making concessions to the

vulgar tongue. But it does not necessarily mean that they have been borrowing from slang dictionaries; it means that they are learning to speak in public as they not seldom speak in private.

"The King's English" includes the word "shirty" — though not on a State occasion; and Lord Lonsdale, and even Lord Mayo, could, if they wished, bewilder with strange phrases the innocent mind of Mr. Lloyd-George, of whose "Billingsgate" we hear so much.

*A Lady's Newspaper.* Lady Bathurst, who is suffering from

weakness in one of her eyes, wishes it to be known that she cannot, for the present, read or answer letters. This curtailment of her correspondence is not what she finds most irksome, nor were letters the origin of her overstrain. During the last few months she has thrown herself heart and soul into the affairs of Grub Street. Hitherto she had not been suspected of the tastes or that particular ability which would make her useful in a newspaper office. As a matter of fact, however, she has established something like a record among women-workers by the energy she has shown in details



DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS OF ORMONDE: LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW, WIFE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR REGINALD POLE-CAREW.

Lady Beatrice, who is the elder daughter of the Marquess of Ormonde, celebrates her birthday on the 28th. — [Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

taining the Earl and Countess of Galloway, Lord Grenfell, Miss Portal (whose own porch is, so to speak, round the corner), and many more. Shakespeare, with a dash of Charles I., is the model after which Lord Portsmouth's features have been modelled and barbered; so we may consider he has the advantage of Mr. Hall Caine, who lacks at least the kingly likeness. Lord Portsmouth's guests have the unusual experience of hearing their host read the Lessons, and even the "Head" of Winchester, who was also at Hurstbourne, must admit he reads them well. Lady Portsmouth was a Pease, a Quaker, and, of course, an heiress. Lord Portsmouth is the latest Peer to be Budgeted out of the ranks of Liberalism.

concerning the great morning paper associated with the name and fortune of her father, the late Lord Glenesk.

*The Earl and the Gardener.* The aged Earl of Haddington is no believer in the modern modes of celebrating Christmas, and in spite of the recent mishap to his hand — a hand made hardy by constant plying of trowel and spade — he will carve his own turkeys and cut his own holly (Tyningshame is famous for its holly) this year, as every other year. A large party will be gathered at Tyningshame, where the gardens have been personally tended by their present owner for forty years, and by former Haddingtons for two hundred.



ENGAGED TO MR. ARTHUR HAMILTON COOPER: MISS MABEL ALICE MARRIOTT. Miss Marriott is the younger daughter of Sir William Smith Marriott, Bt., of The Down House, Blandford. Mr. Arthur Hamilton Cooper is the second son of Sir William Cooper, Bt.

Photograph by Val D'Estreane.



THE HON. JAMES A. FITZHERBERT MONCREIFF, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS LUCY VIDA ANDERSON TOOK PLACE ON THE 16TH.

Mr. Moncreiff is the only son of the Rev. the Lord Moncreiff, of Tulliebole, Kinross, Vicar of Tanworth-in-Arden, Warwickshire.

Photograph by Auta.



ENGAGED TO MR. AUGUSTUS FITZCLARENCE: LADY SUSAN YORKE.

Lady Susan, whose marriage is likely to take place during the spring, is a sister of Lord Hardwicke. Mr. FitzClarence is a grandson of the late Lord Augustus FitzClarence.

Photograph by Shadwell Clerke.

## DANCING WITH THE HANDS: AN "ACT" SUGGESTED BY RODIN.



1. THE DANCES OF THE HANDS, SUGGESTED BY RODIN AND GIVEN BY MISS LOIE FULLER, A VASE MOVEMENT.

2. A POSE IN THE BACH-GOUNOD "AVE MARIA."

3. "THE TRINITY" IN THE BACH-GOUNOD "AVE MARIA."

4. ANOTHER VASE MOVEMENT.

The latest dances take the form of dances of the hands, and were given recently at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, by Miss Loie Fuller. They were suggested to Miss Fuller by Rodin, who said: "The soul expresses itself through each and every part of the human form. A hand separated from the body can express its joys, its sorrows, its grief, with as great perfection as the complete form of man." The vase movements represent the graceful gestures of the hands in holding a vase of flowers. —[Photographs by H. H. H.]

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monocle)

**The Children's Play.** So far as one can guess, the piece at the Garrick will stand out amongst the Christmas entertainments as pre-eminently the children's play. There is plenty for the little ones in "The Blue Bird" and "Pinkie and the Fairies" and "Alice in Wonderland" and "Peter Pan," to say nothing of the Drury Lane pantomime, as to which one can only make guesses; but in all of these some effort is made to appeal to the grown-ups by matter a little out of range of the young ladies with their hair down and the young gentlemen with big collars and little coats. The piece by Messrs. Sydney Blow and

spot—and avoid it. A British journalist was drugged and kidnapped by a Russian diplomatist who thought he was the real King. The latter loved the daughter of an American millionaire, but was foolish enough to go through an ancient form of betrothal with a local Countess, who naturally declined to treat the matter as a joke, and finding herself jilted, plotted most unscrupulously with the diplomatist and her brother. Fortunately, the Countess fell in love with the British journalist, and he brought her and her brother to see the error of their ways. So the play ended with an exhibition of nobility by the young King and a great victory over the arms of



MISS BELLA TERRY AS ELIZABETH PENNYFATHER.

"WHERE CHILDREN RULE" AT THE GARRICK.



MASTER BOBBIE ANDREWS AS DAVID PENNYFATHER.

Douglas Hoare contains nothing to puzzle school girl and boy, and a great deal to amuse them. So far as I can judge, the story of the adventures of the Boy Scout and his little sister in the land where the children rule by virtue of a spell, and the grown-ups have to be obedient, is just the thing to entertain those home for their holidays, and their mothers, too, since the dear creatures grow young again when with their children. It is presented chiefly by youthful players, and three of the best make their first appearance on the stage in this play. How wonderfully the little ones act! I have already been amazed by the two girls in "The Blue Bird"; and now in the Garrick piece there are half-a-dozen to whom one could apply the phrase, "infant phenomenon," without mockery. For instance, there is Miss Marjorie Dane, quite a delightful little Queen, full of confidence and ease in style; whilst Miss Bella Terry, who looks well short of her teens, fills the stage, and, indeed, the house, without the slightest trouble, and exhibited an assurance on a first-night such as never was displayed by another Terry of greater fame at present. Master Bobbie Andrews is, I believe, a player of experience: a little more use might be made of the gifts shown by him as the Boy Scout. The older players had to take back seats; but certainly the gigantic Mr. Reginald Crompton is very amusing, and Mr. Michael Sherbrooke contributed to the gaiety by clever work.

**Ruritania Again.** "The King's Cup," which appeared for one matinée at the Adelphi last week, was a harmless little attempt to restore Ruritania to something like life. For the afternoon—and for a not too critical audience—the attempt was successful. "Theos" was the name of the country this time, and it was somewhere on the border of Bezonian—shades of Pistol and Shallow!—and within the sphere of Russia's influence. Anybody who knows where Bezonian is will therefore be able to locate the



MISS MARJORIE DANE AS HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Bezonian and the wiles of Russia. Served up by Mr. Charles Bryant, Mr. Paul Arthur, Mr. Mackay, and Miss Norma Whalley, with all the necessary vigour and bombast, the mixture proved very popular: but its authors, Mr. H. Dennis Bradley and Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, have followed established precedent rather too closely. Ruritania is, I fancy, gone out of fashion.

Gilbert and "Fallen Fairies" seemed to me rather a German Gilbert—using the word "German" as one does in relation to silver. There was all the old mechanical dexterity, the elegance of the blank verse, and neatness and ingenuity of the rhymes, but not too much of the Gilbert spirit and humour. Indeed, I found myself wondering during the evening why "The Wicked World" had such a run in 1873; but the world was less sophisticated then, and Sir William had not set the formidable standard of humour by which he now has to be judged. Indeed, there seemed a somewhat mid-Victorian air about the piece. However, there was a big reception at the end of every scene, and a still bigger reception at the end of the whole performance, and I have read enthusiastic notices, so perhaps I was out of mood for the story concerning the ugly effect of love upon the fairies, who did not seem essentially different from any ordinary collection of middle-class young women. Mr. Edward German has written pretty music, and all his work is charming in execution; still, there is little sign of the inspiration sometimes displayed by him. The absence of male voices in the chorus may have hampered him: he has got over the difficulty so cleverly that I doubt whether the masculine note was missed by many of the audience. Miss Jessie Rose made a hit by her charm and vivacity, and won most of the applause. Miss Nancy McIntosh played the part of Selene with much sincerity; Mr. Workman laboured ably and energetically as Lutin; Messrs. Flemming and Sheffield gave useful aid.

BEARS THAT WILL "EAT" THEIR MASTER TWICE DAILY.  
MORE FUR-COATED MUSIC-HALL ARTISTES!

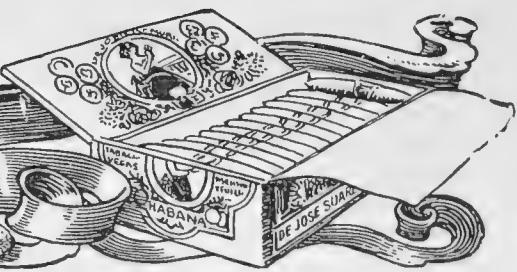


1. POLAR BEARS WHO ARE TO PERFORM IN "THE ARCTIC," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME; ONE OF THE BEASTS "EATING" ITS MASTER.  
2. POLAR BEARS WHICH WILL BE THE CHIEF ACTORS IN A GREAT CHRISTMAS SPECTACLE; ONE OF THE BEASTS OBLIGINGLY BECOMES A PILLOW FOR ITS MASTER.

Seventy fur-coated music-hall artistes arrived in London the other day to take part in "The Arctic," the Christmas spectacle that is to be produced at the London Hippodrome on Boxing Night; which is to say that Herr Wilhelm Hagenbeck's performing Polar bears are now in this country. Fifty of the great beasts will plunge into the tank from icebergs on the stage; the others will clamber about the wreck of a vessel that has been crushed by the ice. Twice daily they will "eat" their master, Herr Wilhelm Hagenbeck, who is to play the villain.



# AFTER DINNER



BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**Christmas in the Arctic.** It ought to be incumbent upon all travellers upon great expeditions specially to note, for the information of those at home, what Christmas means to them in the wilds. A Christmas-loving German on the Germania-Hansa Arctic Expedition gave us a glimpse of the significance of the date to toilers amid the eternal ice. To such the day means not only double allowance of grog, extra cut of reindeer glorious in two inches of fat, soups and stews compounded of the game brought in by the guns of the party, and steaks from carcases of oxen which had been hung two full years in the rigging of the ship. It means more than this. Christmas is the halfway mark between light and darkness. It means that half their long winter night, with its terrific storms and consequent enforced idleness, with all its discomfort and sadness, has passed, and that the time is speeding them rapidly towards the sun whose warmth is a thought of joy to dwell upon, gladdening more than all else the Christmas Day which marks the turning-point in their calendar.

**Saving the Pudding.** Roast beef and plum-pudding sound a trifle too solid for Christmas fare in Australia and India at this time of the year, yet the date makes the fare what it should be. Lord Clyde, at all events, realised that if an army marches habitually on its stomach, that part of the British Tommy's organism demands special attention on Dec. 25. And so realising, when he was on his way to wipe the Sepoys into the Raptee, he paused, gave the enemy breathing-time for the space of a dinner, and let the savours of the British Empire in India renew acquaintance, if it should be for the last time, with a Christmas dinner. A right good Dickensian dinner it was. He himself set the example at a table laden with prime barons of beef, turkeys, mutton, game, fish, fowls, plum-puddings, and so forth. There was beer from Burton and Glasgow; stout from the capitals respectively of England and Ireland; and various wines, none the better for long journeys on the backs of camels. The men did themselves right nobly, and the Sepoys at the next meeting may be said to have footed the bill.

**The Barber's Paradise.** With a General Election upon us, the House of Commons barber may be inclined to hold on for a time. He has been praying for a change of Government, for, ever since the advent of the Liberal Ministry, his fees have gone down. Should the same sort of thing continue after next month, he ought to consider the claims of the Colonies. Formerly a great demand existed there for gentlemen of his profession. A fashionable

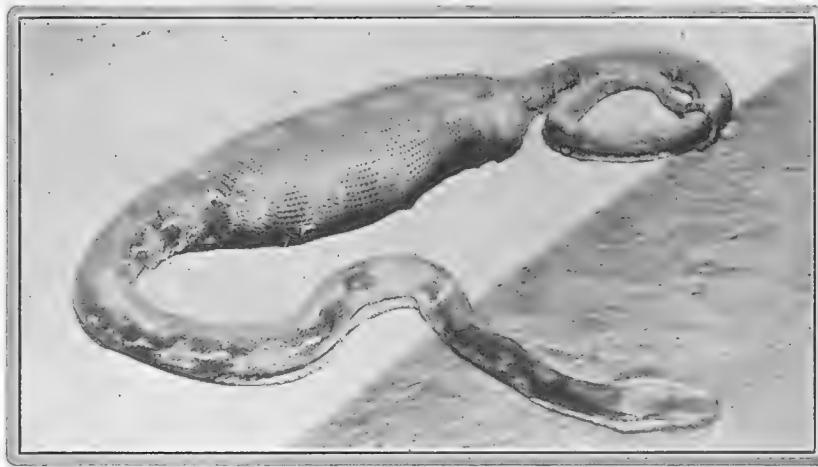
perruquier was convicted, upon bad evidence, of an offence which meant transportation. Bad as the offence, so inconclusively proved, was, there was a possibility of his getting the sentence reduced. But the wife of the then Governor of New South Wales Home Secretary to have the sentence of transportation carried into effect, as there was not an accomplished barber in the whole colony. So the barber went on shaving, at the other side of the world.

**The House Opposite.** Whence come the plots for

our dramas? That of "The House Opposite" follows closely, possibly without the author's knowledge, an incident in real life narrated, unless one's memory deceives, in the legal experiences of Serjeant Ballantine. In the veritable house opposite a murder was done, and all about it was mystery. The one person who could have cleared it up remained with mute lips. Like Mr.

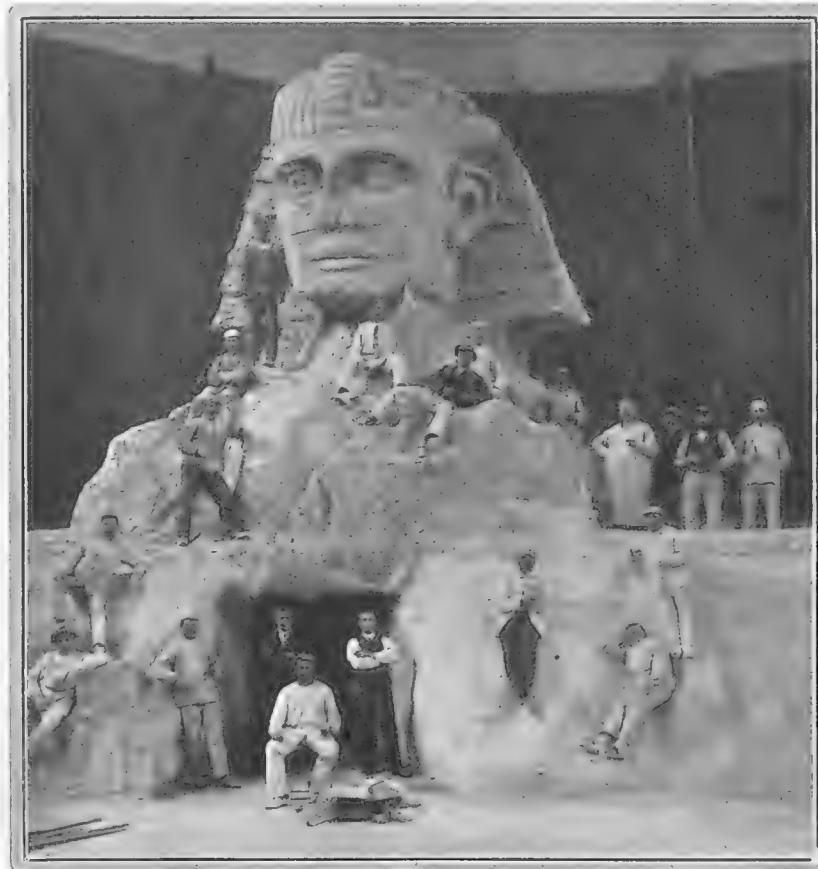
Perceval's rakish hero, he was visiting a lady of quality. In passing to or from her room, he witnessed sufficient of the circumstances connected with the crime instantly to have convicted the offender. But how could he speak when to do so he must declare where he was at the time?—and that would have been fatal to the reputation of the lady. The latter cheerfully solved the problem. If his evidence had to come out, well, he must swear that he was visiting her maid. Happily for the fair name of the latter, the culprit was run to earth without calling into the light of day the scandal which the evidence of the eye-witness in the house opposite would have revealed.

**The Great Healer.** The case of the man who, rendered insane by the earthquake at San Francisco, recovered his senses on witnessing a fatal railway accident a week ago may be added to a long list of cures for which Nature deserves, but gets no testimonial. The grand old healer succeeds where the doctors fail, but she has the weirdest ways of going to work. A Winsford woman, startled into dumbness by a falling tree, spoke no more until the horror of seeing her father murderously attacked loosened her tongue. A French engineer went seemingly blind of one eye, and so remained until one day an irate fellow-workman punched him upon the defective orb. The stars so created served to illumine the damaged eye, which from that time forth saw and noted with the best. But the greatest of the healer's feats was with a demented woman. In a fit of abnormal excitement she managed to get hold of a revolver and to shoot herself through the head. The bullet touched the spot effectually. The wound and regained her sanity.



BOARED! A JAVA TIGER-SNAKE AFTER HAVING SWALLOWED A WILD BOAR.

The snake was 16 yards long; the boar weighed over 92 pounds.—[Photograph by Haeckel.]

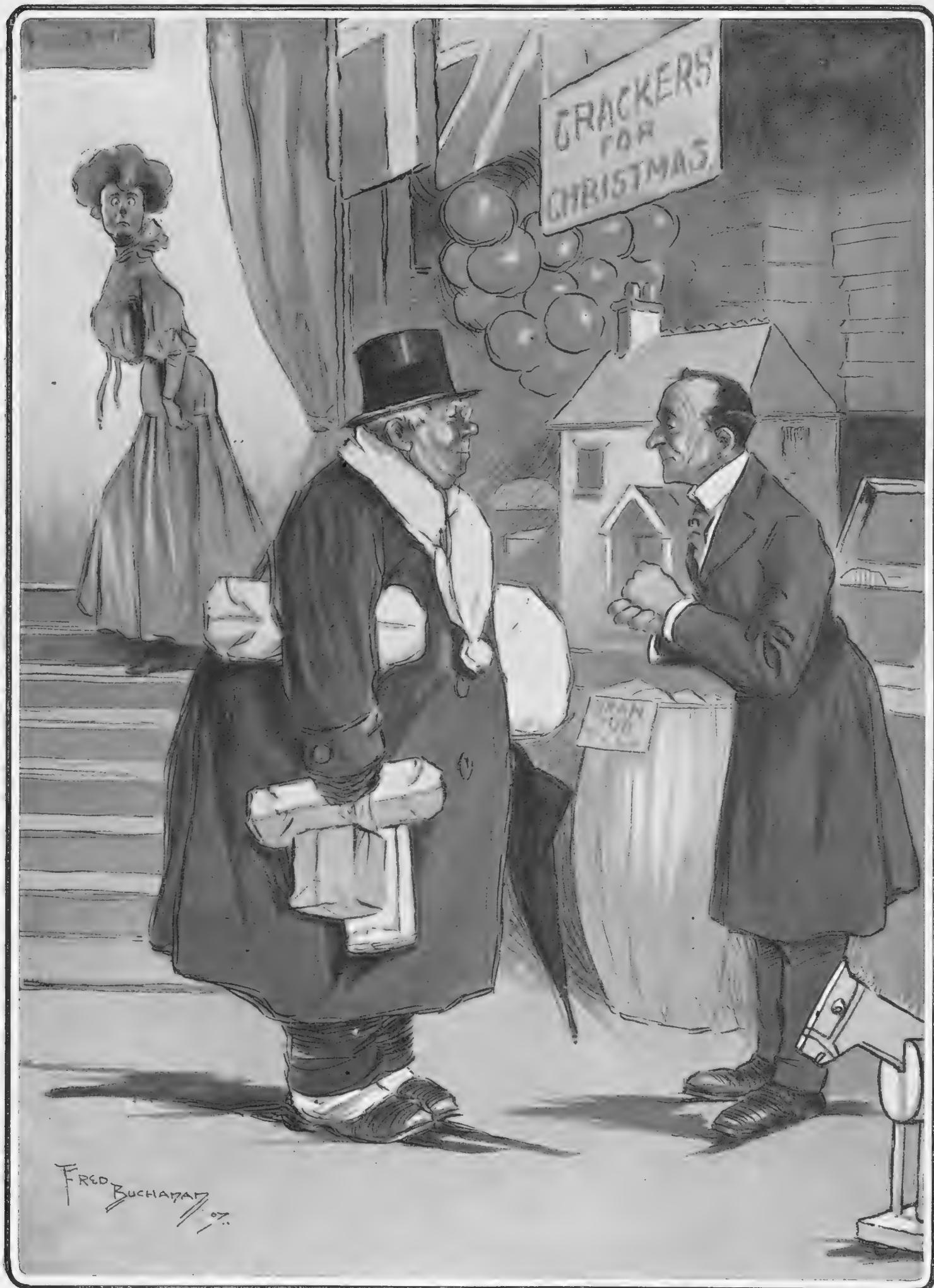


A SPHINX AS DECORATION FOR A BALL-ROOM: THE GREAT FIGURE THAT FORMED A PART OF THE DECORATION FOR THE BERLIN SOCIETY OF JOURNALISTS' WINTER FESTIVAL.

This year's winter festival of the Berlin Society of Journalists was entitled "Fata Morgana." A part of the decoration of the halls in which it was held was this Sphinx, which was constructed by the architect, Mr. H. A. Richter.

hold of a revolver and to shoot herself through the head. The bullet touched the spot effectually. The wound and regained her sanity.

## SIGN !



THE CUSTOMER: Oh, I just want some funny little thing to hang on a Christmas-tree.

THE SHOP-WALKER: Certainly, Sir. Forward, Miss Piddick.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



### An Unfortunate Gesture.

A disregard of Hamlet's famous maxim about suiting the action to the word and the word to the action is capable of destroying the best effects. An instance tintured with humour once happened to Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who finished her brilliant performance in "The Woman in the Case" on Saturday last, and opened at the Palace with Mr. Arthur Bourchier on Monday. She was at the time a member of Mr. Augustin Daly's company, and was rehearsing the Countess Olivia in "Twelfth Night." In one of her speeches, she came to the words "Soft, soft." As she spoke, she put her hand to her head. Miss Ada Rehan, the Viola, burst out laughing, and Mr. Daly, a strict disciplinarian, insisted upon being told the cause of the actress's levity. Unfortunately, history is silent as to whether Mr. Daly preserved his gravity when he heard.

**A Close Shave.** In those days Miss Vanbrugh used always to understudy Miss Rehan. When "The Orient Express" was put up, Miss Vanbrugh was given Miss Rehan's part to understudy as usual. Thinking that the play would not have a long run, she did not learn it. One evening, however, when she arrived at the theatre, she was told Miss Rehan was too ill to appear, and she would, therefore, have to play the part. Miss Vanbrugh rushed to her room, got the manuscript, and tried to learn the part in the short time left to her. In a very little while she came to the conclusion that it was impossible. She also came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to go to Mr. Daly, tell him the exact state of affairs, and ask him to allow her to read the part. As she got by the door of his office, Mr. Daly himself walked out, and, before she had time to speak, he said, "Miss Rehan has recovered sufficiently to play to-night." Miss Vanbrugh realised that silence was the better part of discretion, and she said nothing, but never again did she leave unlearned a part she had to understudy.

### Where Ignorance Belied the Proverb.

Mr. Daniel McCarthy, who is with Mr. Cyril Maude at The Playhouse, was at one time, with his sister, Miss Lillah McCarthy, a member of the late Mr. Wilson Barrett's company. In "The Sign of the Cross," he was playing Tigellinus, the Roman villain who, in one scene, had to enter to a crowd of kneeling Christian worshippers, whom he bade rise and apostrophised as "You vermin." On one occasion Mr. Barrett, having been approached by two young ladies who were very anxious to go

side. Then he came to the group in which were the two newcomers, who, by the way, were too far forward, and so were directly in the actor's way. "Up, up, you vermin!" exclaimed Tigellinus a second time. The ordinary supers backed away, but one of the newcomers raised her head in anger, with indignation starting from her eyes. Then the Early Christian maidens went off, and the scene went on to its ordinary conclusion.

When Mr. McCarthy made his exit, Mr. Barrett's dresser went to him and asked him to see the manager. At the end of the act Mr. McCarthy accordingly went to Mr. Barrett's room. There stood the two young ladies. The actor-manager explained that the young ladies had complained that Mr. McCarthy had insulted them. The actor, with a look of blank astonishment, replied he had not even seen, much less spoken to, them. Then Mr. Barrett, expressing his determination to get to the bottom of the matter, asked for specific information of the insult. "He told us to get up," said one of the ladies, "and when we did not move quickly, he called us 'vermin.'" On the explanation Mr. Barrett looked at Mr. McCarthy, Mr. McCarthy looked at Mr. Barrett, and they both burst into a roar of laughter. Then Mr. Barrett explained to the indignant newcomers that what they had taken for a personal affront was merely a portion of the actor's part which they would hear every night. The complaint was perhaps the best compliment they could have paid to the young actor's realism.

### "Two Perfect Ladies" and an Imperfect Man.

Mr. Bertram Wallis, who has attracted so many admirers during his engagements at the Prince of Wales's, whither "The Little Damozel" will be transferred on Boxing night, is an actor who has strong views on the subject of the interest in actors on and off the stage. He believes that while it matters a great deal what they are like on, it does not matter at all what they are like off the stage. Not long ago an interview with him was published in which, as he humorously puts it, he was "made to appear even more conceited than he really is." Although the paper subsequently corrected the inaccuracies of its representative, Mr. Wallis has received several anonymous communications about it. One of the most amusing runs as follows—

Two nice girls want to tell you  
What you'll very likely doubt,  
That they see nothing in you  
That they'd "write home about."

Your eyes are most peculiar,  
Your nose is funny too!  
And your hair is far too curly  
For a man, we think—don't you?

And as to stage-door loafing  
Till your presence on us burst,  
Two perfect ladies tell you  
They would see you jiggered first!



JILL, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, NOTTINGHAM:  
MISS QUEENIE ESSEX IN "JACK AND JILL."

Photograph by Botak.

on the stage, consented to their appearance in the play. In the costume of the period, the hoods of the Roman dresses partly hiding their faces, they were put on in the scene as Early Christians and told to do whatever the other extra ladies did. The curtain went up, and Mr. McCarthy and his companions entered. "Up, you vermin!" he cried, in his sternest tones, as he made his way down the stage. Certain of the Early Christians moved to one



JACK, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, NOTTINGHAM: MISS CONSTANCE HYEM (IN BOY SCOUT COSTUME) IN "JACK AND JILL."

Photograph by Botak.

This communication has strengthened Mr. Wallis's conviction that some actors of juvenile parts should never allow themselves to be seen outside of a stage picture. His only regret is that the "two nice girls" didn't sign the poem, as he believes they must also be two of the most sensible girls in London.

Science Jottings—By “Dr.” W. Heath Robinson (D—L—).



VI.—TESTING THE NEW APPARATUS FOR DEEP-SEA SOUNDING, ON CORAL REEFS OF THE PACIFIC.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## Mr. Sichel's Biographies.

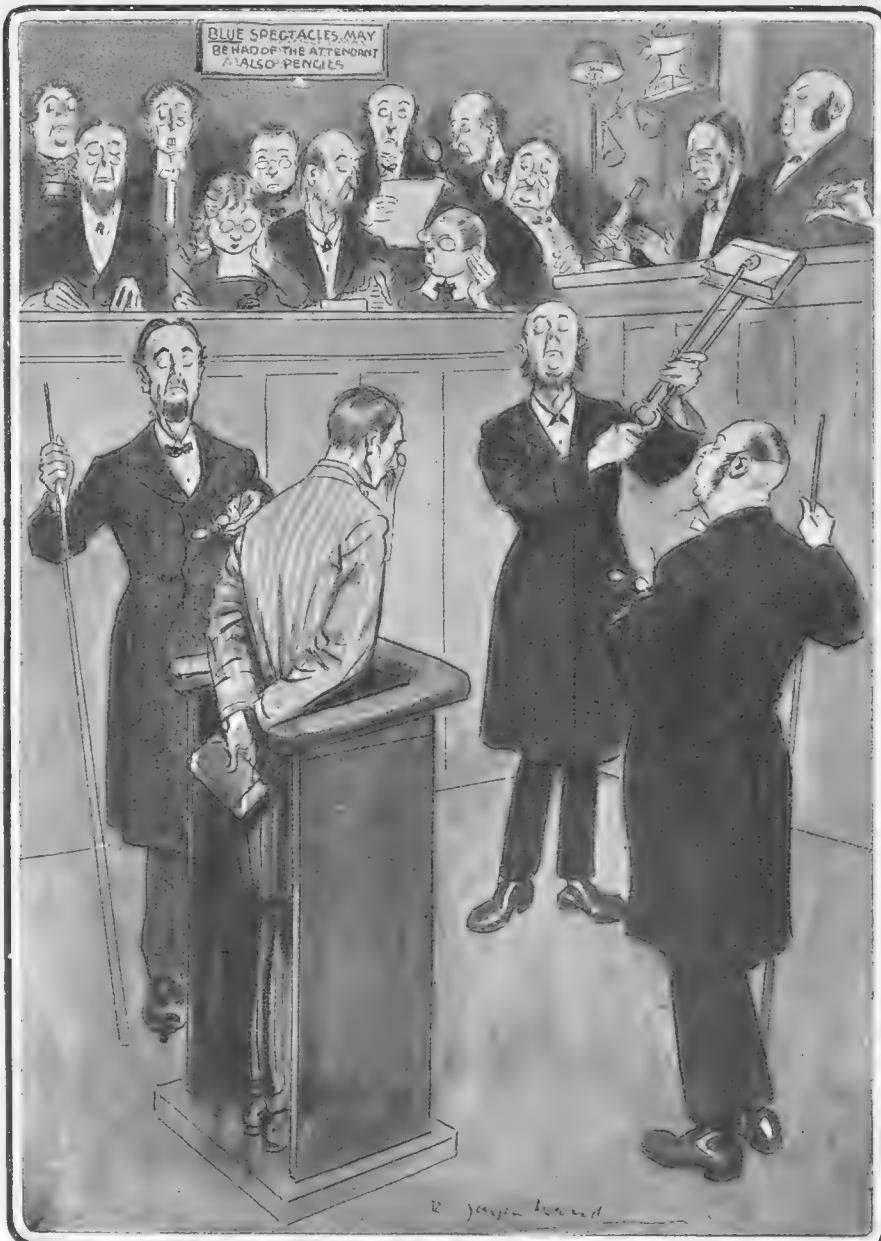
There is so much *slap-dash* and *paste-and-scissors* biography being done now, without originality, thought, or care, that one values all the more the work of Mr. Walter Sichel, who always writes with strong convictions of his own and is thorough in an extreme degree. His "Sheridan" (Constable: Two vols.) is no exception; on the contrary, it is, I think, the best thing he has done. Considering the amount of work Mr. Sichel has put forth in the last few years, I marvel enviously at his industry. It has never an air of being done as quickly as possible; it always seems to be well thought out, with every reference verified and no point forgotten. Biographies written with such care and with such minute attention demand a good deal of care and attention on the part of the reader, and too many readers, in this hastily reading age, may be indisposed to give him so much. I can assure them that they will be glad if they overcome their laziness in his instance. There is all the difference in the world between taking the *ipse dixit*—however brilliantly expressed—of some man of letters on the merits and demerits of some great figure, and forming one's own opinion on the whole of the facts, as far as they can be known. The former course gives one, necessarily, only a superficial impression at second hand; the latter gives one the knowledge of a man. Mr. Sichel, too, though he is apt to be a little one-sided in his opinions—I thought he was in the case of Lady Hamilton—gives you the facts impartially. And if the subject be really interesting, those facts are better reading than a wilderness of average novels. You think nothing of reading half-a-dozen new novels in a month or so, which mildly amuse you and which you forget immediately: replace them for once in a way with such a work as this "Sheridan," for you will not regret it.

**Sheridan.** It is especially necessary in Sheridan's case, if you are really to know him, to read his life in such detail as Mr. Sichel supplies. For Sheridan had not only a fine and variously endowed intellect, but his character was extremely complex, quite bewildering in its apparent contradictions. Certainly Mr. Sichel's book ought to correct the popular idea of Sheridan, which I suppose is—roughly—that he was a brilliant and unscrupulous adventurer, given to drink and pleasure generally, riotously improvident. Probably our idea is too much influenced by the accounts given in diaries and letters, and so on, of him as he was in his decline. That picture is certainly rather unattractive. Samuel Rogers describes him as heavy and silent at dinner until he had taken a great deal of wine, then brilliant for a period, and then "downright stupid." Rogers was a bitter critic; but even Byron,

who loved Sheridan, gives us in his journals the impression of a fuddled ruin, perpetually complaining of his hard fortune, his never having had a shilling of his own, and all that. Well, when we read such things we must remember the young Sheridan, fascinating everyone he met, delighting the world with his comedies, thrilling it with his speeches, fighting strongly and unselfishly for causes he believed in, and then sympathise with the old Sheridan, whom life and work had exhausted. He took more sadly to drink as the years went on, though he fought against it, and that temptation comes most cruelly to a man who knows he is expected to be brilliant, who feels his powers flagging, and who thinks that drink will temporarily restore them. It has been the tragedy of many a brilliant talker. As for being an adventurer, I never knew what is meant by that, unless it means everybody who has not a substantial and settled income. The Sheridans were one of the oldest families in Ireland, and Irish old families are as good as English, though Thackeray did sneer at them, nor does a family cease to be old because it is impoverished. Then, in a corrupt age, Sheridan never had his price as a politician. If he had been "out for the stuff," as the Americans say, his extraordinary abilities would have brought him a large fortune, had they been for sale. Of course one cannot defend his dealings as regards money altogether. He did not pay his debts, and, as Byron said, if he had never had a shilling of his own, as he complained, "he contrived to extract a good many of other people's." But all the more, because he was so persistently hard up, is he to be praised for his political integrity. One almost regrets that he did not die young, in the blaze of his triumphs, and had never lived to become "poor old Sherry." For his was no unthinking, merely pleasure-loving nature, and his own regrets must have been terrible.

**A Discordant Note.** One word of contrariness I must put in. Mr. Sichel is, of course, an out-and-out eulogist of "The School for Scandal." Well, if it is my last word on earth, I must maintain that "The School for Scandal" is an overrated play. It is a splendid theatrical play, and well deserves to hold the stage as it has. But as a miracle of wit and observation—no! There is far more wit and far more real understanding of life in an act of Congreve's "Way of the World." But Congreve is cynical, and Sheridan is sentimental, and so Sheridan wins. But I will not admit that the sentiment which takes Charles Surface as an ideal and admires Lady Teazle's rounding on her lover when she is found out is a good sort of sentiment. Never.

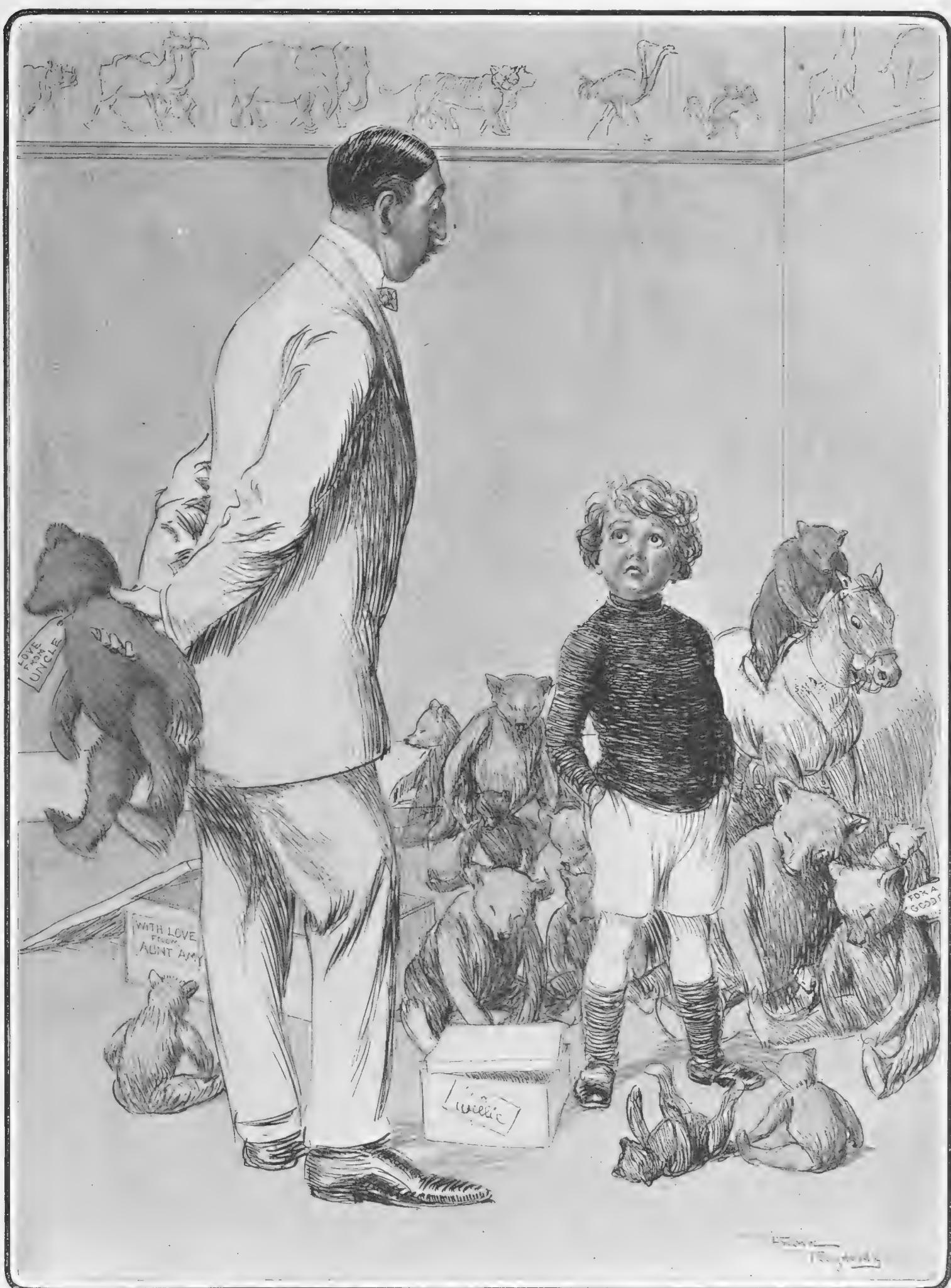
N. O. I.



THE CENSORSHIP - NEW STYLE: IMAGINARY PICTURE OF A PUBLISHER SUBMITTING A NEW BOOK TO THE COMMITTEE OF A SELECT LIBRARY.

DRAWN BY R. J. WEIRD.

## BEAR UP!



LITTLE WILLIE (to his uncle, who has spent hours of toil in selecting a gift): Uncle, isn't it rotten? I've had nothing but beastly Teddy Bears this Christmas.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE POET'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT.

THE poet sat writing in his garret. He had ransacked an old trunk for letters, because in those days he could not afford foolscap for rough copies. Besides, it was a tradition that gems of thought were hastily scribbled on the backs of envelopes rather than on the fair surface of "demy octavo unruled." He was writing for a Christmas dinner. The *furor scribendi et edendi* was upon him. True to his practice of steeping himself in his subject, he had let his imagination run riot all the morning. The delicate brown that kitchen fires paint on the white breasts of turkeys was more æsthetic than the red of roses; the mottled-green stuffing that fills up anatomical gaps was a mosaic more precious than the handiwork of Babylonian stone-workers; the pale-blue fires that licked and flickered around the pudding of plums symbolised not the tortures of a visionary hereafter, but the raptures of a culinary present. His imagination rose on the wings of desire, and soared in their fancy flight far above the anteprandial imaginings of Lucullus himself. The little "B" clock ticked on and on, seeming to mark not the cold, calculating passage of time, but the rhythmic ebb and flow of his Muse. Long after the dinner-hour had knocked at a hungry but inattentive stomach, the poet rose with a sigh and gathered up the scattered sheets, pregnant medium of the frenzied demand for payment between tradesman and poet, poet and editor.

"They're sure to say it is too long," he mused bitterly. "Poetry nowadays is but a stopgap, the putty put in to fill the joints and crevices of creaking prose."

Looking with lack-lustre eye through a grimy window upon a grimy street, the poet saw some labourers building a house, and immediately started comparing his lot with theirs. Appalled at the many disadvantages he enjoyed, the poet, as a last test between them, forced his soul to grapple with the base details of commensurate remuneration.

"Oh to be paid regularly by the piece!" cried the unhappy man.

Was it a devil that whispered in his ear, "Why not?" or was it an angel bringing in his hands, as Christmas gift, a golden opportunity? Long time the poet advanced and receded, wavered and rallied, shunned and dallied with the temptation of this spiritual hybrid. To his fevered mind his genius seemed to be engaged in some ghostly saraband within the chamber of his soul with the flitting forms of his lost ideals. The contest raged furiously, but eventually the Baker pulled to such good purpose that the famished poet could almost smell his Christmas dinner and actually blessed the ignoble plan that should bring it.

He went to bed on an empty stomach, and rose with a light head. Ere the lark had ceased his noisy morning salutations the poet tripped lightly through the portals of an editor's temple, heedless of the black looks of his minions.

"Well, what have you got now?" inquired the great man, looking suspiciously at the lengthy reams of paper in his visitor's hand.

"A Christmas poem, Sir," quoth the man of letters.

"What!" yelled the other. "A poem that length! I print no tragedies in blank verse in my magazine; you must have mistaken me for a publisher. Muggins, show the gentleman the way downstairs."

"I didn't offer you the whole of it," said the poet coldly.

"Oh, well," said the editor, in a mollified tone. "Why didn't you say you were selling it on the piecemeal plan. What's it all about?"

"'Tis a lyric expression of Yuletide cheer."

"Anything about Father Christmas in it?"

"I call the genius of this festal season the 'Spirit of the Snows.'"

"Well, call it Father Christmas and I'll take a piece for my children's page."

The alteration was rapidly made.

"How much do you want at twelve shillings a foot?" asked the poet eagerly. "Quantity as well as quality. Real decasyllabic iambics, mind you."

"Rather expensive," growled the editor; "the independence of servants and poets is one of the curses of the century. Still, as it's Christmas, I may be generous. I'll take eight inches. Haven't room for more."

"Make it ten and do away with the ornamental scroll-work at the bottom," urged the poet.

"Well, I don't know what my constant readers will say about it," replied the editor doubtfully. "Those designs have often been mentioned in the correspondence columns. However, it will give them something to grumble at. Hand them over."

The poet paused with the scissors in his hand.

"Are you sure you wouldn't like four more inches to print on a Christmas card and send to your friends?"

"Quite sure, thank you."

"Then here you are. Oh, by-the-bye, terms cash."

"If you had lived in the Middle Ages your revolutionary proclivities would have brought you board and lodging in the Tower," said the editor grimly. "Good morning."

"Good morning," sang the poet as he pocketed a coin. When he reached the bottom of the stairs he took out the half-sovereign, to be sure it hadn't burnt its way through his trousers already.

The happy poet ambled his way along Fleet Street.

"Now for the women," he said; "I shall have to put the screw on here. They hate paying a fair price for anything, and their idea of heaven is a bargain-counter filled with shades of material that would suit only them and make every other woman look like a fright."

The editor shook her fair curls decidedly.

"We don't want any more Christmas poems. I have dozens by every post written by poor relations and their friends and the poor relations of their friends. All longing to make a start in literature. To print them all I'd have to issue a Christmas supplement every week, not to speak of the bitter-sweet of being smothered to death by blessings."

The poor man bowed, and made his way to the door with a dejected slouch.

"Stay," called out the editor, moved to compassion; "I have an idea. Is there anything about fashions in your work?"

"Fashions, Madam!" cried the astonished poet. "It's an ode to Christmastide."

"Never mind, let me see it."

"Here we have the very thing," she cried, stopping the mad career of a manicured nail down the long length of the manuscript.

The poet looked over her shoulder and read softly:

"With body braced to bear the welcome hamper,  
The gladsome maids provision-laden scamper."

"Exactly," said the editor. "Now we are booming a new corset in our Modes for the Modern Multitude column. Just say that with this support girls could carry any weight with ease. You might bring in the maidens carrying pitchers to the well like they do in the East. Quite a poetical simile. The woman's name is O'Flannagan, but of course you needn't put it at the end of a line."

[Continued overleaf.]

## ST. NICK - OLAS!



TOMMY (meeting Bill Sikes, who has had a brilliant idea and has disguised himself as Santa Claus) : I say, Santa Claus, would you like to go up my chimney?—'cos father's helping the pliceman take away your ladder.

The desired change was made with the ease born of desperation.

"What length would you require to-day, Madam?"

"You couldn't let me have just that bit, could you?"

"I'm afraid not," said the poet glibly. "Besides, a climax must be worked up to. I would advise eight inches for prologue, four inches for epilogue, and I'll throw you in the climax for nothing—only twelve shillings a foot."

"Well," said the editor, "it's rather more than we are in the habit of giving for mere poetry, but perhaps you have Christmas presents to buy."

The poet thought of an unexpected turkey as a gift to himself, and smiled.

"Twenty - two shillings, and almost a yard left," he mused, gleefully wending his way to the offices of a trade journal devoted to the interests of the cycling community. Before entering he pulled out a pencil and wrote quickly.

"A Christmas poem?" asked the editor sarcastically.

"No, Sir," said the poet; "a poem with reference to the Yule-log perhaps, but that is the mere setting for a lyric gem extolling bicycling in all its branches. I'm afraid you can't have much of it."

"What d'you mean? I ride every day."

"You mistake me," said the poet gently. "I intended to convey to you, in as delicate a manner as possible, the painful intelligence that most of my poem is bespoken."

"What! do you sell your verse by the square foot?" roared the astounded editor.

"No, linear," corrected the man of letters. "The other would involve too much calculation. Come, just listen to this; it will give you an idea of the whole—

"The season's cycle slowly turns around,  
Now summer joys, now Christmas cheer is found;  
But Jones' cycles, whirling round like fun,  
Make Summer, Autumn, Springtime, Winter, one."

"You recite with great feeling," said the editor, in an admiring tone; "and, hang me if I don't take a slice! What's the damage?"

"Only twelve shillings a foot," replied the poet; "and, as you're the first man who has spoken about my Muse with honeyed tongue, I'll sell you the second foot at the rate of ninepence an inch."

"Cut me off two feet," cried the genial editor, "and if I've any over I'll take it home to the missus. She's dead nuts on reciting."

A guinea quickly changed hands, and the enraptured poet sallied out in the

rising fog of a waning afternoon jingling coin in his pocket to the tune of £2 3s.

"What a dinner it will be!" he murmured, in ecstatic tones. "Jove, I'll invite Simpkins! Those actors never have a penny to bless themselves with, and he's been out of a shop for weeks; what a surprise—"

"I wish to the devil you'd look where you're going to," began an angry voice. "Hullo, it's you!"

The poet's meditations had been cut short by an abrupt contact with a rich acquaintance.

"My dear chap," cried the poet, "delighted to see you. But why that air of brooding on your brow? Are you hard up?" This in a tone of elaborate concern.

"Hard up?—no; nothing so easily remedied as that."

The poet thought much, but only said, "Then you've quarrelled with the lady?"

"Not exactly. Fact is, she's a terror for poetry. Reads Byron and Keats by the hour. At a pinch I could gloss this slight failing over, but I have a sneaking suspicion that she expects *me* to write her verses as if I was a crack-pated poet—sorry, old chap, forgot it was your line. The deuce! Why couldn't you fix me up something to send her? Something the magazines have refused. You must have reams of it."

The poet, meditating deeply on the crudity of expression for which the present elliptical style of talking is responsible, dived into his breast-pocket and brought out several lengths of paper.

His friend skimmed it eagerly. "Why, it's great," he cried; "but it's too long," he added in a hopeless voice. "She'll never believe I wrote all that."

"Of course not," agreed the poet in a slightly malicious tone; "but you mustn't send it off all at once—give it to her in instalments. No decent poet is expected to turn out more than a few stanzas a week. This will last you till you're married. After that you're safe: no man writes verses to his wife."

"You're a genius," said his friend. "This for me," pocketing the manuscript; "and for you—shall we say a case of champagne?"

"Awfully good of you," said the poet faintly, for fear his voice should rise to a scream.

"Then it's a bargain. I'll send it round to-morrow. Merry Christmas to you!"

The poet walked home in a dream. As he emerged into the grimy street, the labourer was still putting one brick on another.

"Brother!" he cried, stretching out his arms. Then he dived into the house to give his landlady orders about the Christmas dinner.

THE END.

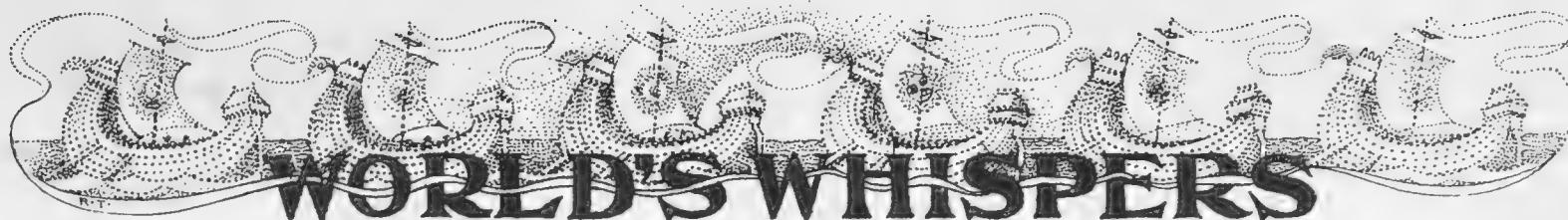


CUSTOMER: I want a twopenny tablet of soap.

SHOPKEEPER: Yes, Sir. Would you like it scented or unscented?

CUSTOMER: Oh, never mind, I'll take it with me.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.



**T**AYMOUTH (where, by the way, King Leopold's father once stayed), is, for all its air of seriousness and antiquity, a mere chicken among castles. It is not three times the age of its present owner, Lord Breadalbane, who, with Lady Breadalbane, is there for the winter. It stands in a landscape which is lovely, whether clothed in leaves or in snow; and if bagpipes make for joy, surely Christmas should be joyful in its halls. If, on the other hand, it is a happiness to sit behind a door that cost £1000, Lord Breadalbane experiences that felicity whenever he reads in his own library.

*A Disapeeress.* The reports that Lady Churchill had entered a carriage and had been temporarily lost to sight recall the fact that a former Lady Breadalbane had an involuntary experience of the kind. She fell asleep in her coach and was forgotten. When she awoke she found herself still seated on her cushions, but the rumbling of the wheels had ceased, and it was dark. She was locked up in her carriage-house, and until her coachman remembered that he had not seen her alight when he pulled up at her door, there she remained.

Fortunately, in that case there had been no time to arouse public anxiety by ambiguously worded advertisements.

*Hard Nox for Lucy.* Sir Henry Lucy, having spent the

last few years listening to debates in a House that has forgotten its Greek and Latin, has, not unnaturally, made a slip. Nox is the singular of noctes; he wrote it "nocte"; and a literary paper delivers its

little lecture. Sir Henry defends himself by contending that, having been told all his life that Lucy

**A PREMIER'S WIFE WHO ACTS AS PARLIAMENTARY REPORTER: MME. ZAHLE, WIFE OF THE DANISH PREMIER.**

Mme. Zahle has been one of the official Parliamentary Reporting Staff at Copenhagen for some years. She was the first lady to work as a shorthand writer in the Folkeeting, and to move about on the floor amongst the members. Her appointment took place in 1894, when her husband was elected member for Ringsted, Iceland.

is feminine, but that it is his own name, and he a man, he is quite justified in refusing to listen any further to the advice of pedants.

*The Shefield Title.* The sale of the Sheffield pictures at Christie's does not mean that Lord Sheffield has to be commiserated on the loss of intimate family portraits. But many people refuse to remember that he was not heir to the Earldom of Sheffield, nor to any other of the late Earl's titles or property, except the Sheffield Barony of Roscommon, which came to him through his grandmother. Lord Sheffield must sometimes wonder whether the seniority which he gained by adopting the Roscommon title compensates him for the loss of his popular identity as Lord Stanley of Alderley.

*Elves by Name.*

Muriel de Courcy



"THE KREUTZER SONATA" AS A PORTRAIT OF ITS AUTHOR: LEO TOLSTOY—A PORTRAIT MADE UP OF EXTRACTS FROM THE TEXT OF "THE KREUTZER SONATA," WRITTEN IN RUSSIAN CHARACTERS.

Photograph by Chazin.

Major Walter Cary Elwes, who is much congratulated on his engagement to Miss Hughes, is the last person to carry card-playing to excess. One fool in a family is enough, he probably decides, when recalling some of the hereditary associations suggested by his name. Of all gamblers, the Mr. Elwes who lived at a time when cards were far more plentiful than they are to-day was the most extraordinary. He gambled till he was up to his knees in pasteboard, and although reckless at the tables, he was in other transactions a miser.

*"W" Only.* The double Christian-name initial is very prevalent in the United States, and it is said that the English-born American, if he has no second Christian-name, will not trouble to choose another, but will take a middle initial at random, and be content. Thus, it is never good form to ask him his name in full, lest he must disclose a horrid blank. The new Councillor to the American Embassy in London is an exception to the double-initial ambition. He has been announced over here as "Mr. W. P. Phillips," whereas his name is Mr. William Phillips.

And he wants to be called by his name. His stay in London briefest, as he is returning immediately to New York to marry Miss Caroline Astor Drayton, with whom he will return to us in January.

*Cardiff Castle's New Defender.* Cardiff Castle has another defender, for the Marquess of Bute has a second son, and the Earl of Dumfries, aged two, a yet younger brother. Lord and

Lady Bute are receiving simultaneous shots from the Chancellor and congratulations



THE "MARY" OF THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU, 1910: FRÄULEIN OTTILIE ZWINK.

Fräulein Zwink is the daughter of Herr Zwink, a house-painter, who will play the part of Judas Iscariot. It is believed that the 1910 representation of the famous Passion Play of Oberammergau will attract an even greater crowd than usual, and the performances promise to be excellent.

Photograph by S. Frank.

from troops of friends on the arrival of the new infant. Lord Bute is Scottish—so Scottish that he wears on occasion the kilt his father put him into when he was at Harrow; and both his little sons will be brought up to wear the badge of the clan.

*Week-End Wrest.* Again the familiar announcement: "The American Ambassador spent the weekend at Wrest Park." But punctually on Monday he returned to Dorchester House, in what he now calls Labour Lane. It is some consolation to know that his Excellency has always within pleasant reach by motor-car a haven of repose. We may wake up in the middle of any Saturday night and rejoice, with Max, in knowing that Mrs. Humphry Ward is not working; and more, that the weary are at Wrest.



A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MEMORIAL TO A DOG.

A REMARKABLE TOMBSTONE IN THURINGIA.

The tombstone dates from 1630. The inscription records that it was erected in memory of Stuczel, who belonged to Prince von Wagenheim's master of the hunt. [Photograph by Scherl.]

# KEY-NOTES

**The Christmas Holiday.** The most of our soloists must be looking forward just now to a respite from their labours, whatever the profit may have been, while the smaller concert-halls are about to know one of their brief seasons of silence. But the season of great activity has run well into December, and little more than a week ago, three concerts, each of which was well worth attending, were given on a Saturday afternoon. Even Christmas week will not find our leading orchestras out of harness, and it would be interesting to see the diary of any member of our finest combinations who adds private teaching to his public performances. The writer still sees in the orchestras best known in London players whom he can remember in August Manns' great company a quarter of a century ago. It is impossible to see them without a feeling of envy. What must it mean to have taken part in countless performances of the world's best music under the greatest conductors of the age, to have grasped the more subtle beauties of scores that have all the inwardness and reticent beauty of a great poem by Robert Browning, all the "fine shades" of a story by George Meredith? How can the knowledge of the most competent amateur compare with the intimate personal knowledge of these great players?

**The Borodin Henry Symphony.** Mr. Henry Wood is undeniably the champion of Russian music in this country. We may take exception to some of his readings if we will, we may hold that one or more of our migrant conductors have the true genius of interpretation where this music is concerned, but the fact remains that Mr. Wood has made us familiar with and appreciative of much we should hear but seldom save for his fostering care. Borodin's Second Symphony, given at the Queen's Hall Orchestra's Symphony Concert

last Saturday week, has not been heard in London for quite a long time, but it is distinctly worth revival. It is a fine expression of the Slav musical genius, something quite distinct from the music of Teuton and Latin. The form is orthodox enough to satisfy the academician, but the melodies with which the work abounds, distinguished and outstanding, lend themselves to the most effective treatment. The Symphony is the work of a man who has grasped the full significance and value of form, and has been inspired to turn his own beautiful thoughts into the traditional mould. In such a work as Borodin's B Minor Symphony we recognise and appreciate the value of a musical form that renders obligatory the definite expression of certain thoughts. Mr. Wood conducted a brilliant performance of the Symphony, and the fine tone of strings and wood-wind was very noticeable.

**Past All Praise.** An additional attraction at this concert was the playing of Moriz Rosenthal; to describe it in terms that do not sound hysterical would be well-nigh impossible. Surely no living pianist has so completely subordinated a marvellous

technique to the genuine service of his art, none has a finer appreciation of the best music. The writer has no hesitation in expressing the opinion that Moriz Rosenthal is the greatest pianist in the world to-day.

**Mr. Hugo Heinz.** At the Bechstein Hall last week Mr. Hugo Heinz introduced two promising pupils—Miss Ada Boskowitz, who possesses a very charming mezzo-soprano voice that is well directed by the intelligence behind it; and Mr. Morgan Kingston, whose nervousness led him at times to try to achieve too much, and damage the tone of a good tenor voice

in so doing. Doubtless he will do better when the platform ceases to have any terrors for him. Mr. Heinz contented himself with singing the Schumann "Dichterliebe," to the accompaniment of Miss Edwardes. Save for being a thought too deliberate at times, Mr. Heinz sang the exquisite songs very finely, and proved, if proof was necessary, that Schumann as a songwriter will keep his hold upon music-lovers through all the changeable periods of our musical taste. Schumann wrote as freely and spontaneously as a bird sings; his songs are ever fresh, as though they had been written yesterday. In hearing some of the most appealing, one might imagine that the composer had enjoyed a tranquil, happy life, devoid of any great troubles and anxieties.

**The Misses Eyre.** Years ago, when music at the Crystal Palace had made the house at Sydenham the Mecca of the pilgrims of music, Mr. Alfred Eyre was the organist there, and his organ recitals were an almost daily attraction. He was, and, we believe, still is, a teacher of great repute, and presumably he taught the

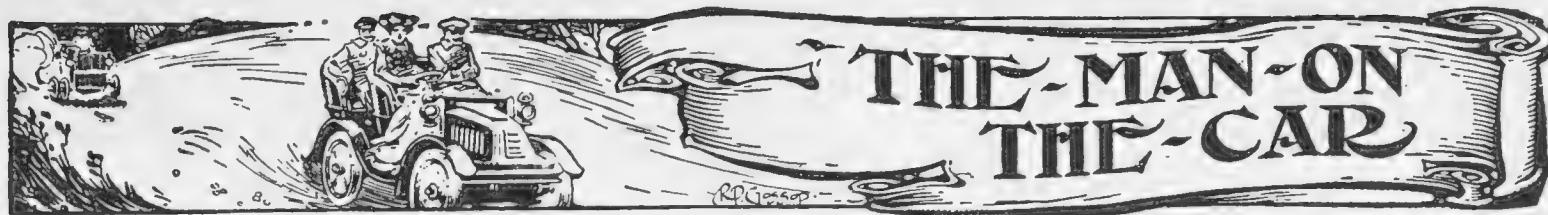


HUMORESKEN, BY GRIEG.

DRAWN BY HAYES.

talented ladies who gave such a delightful concert at the *Æolian Hall* a few days ago. They can sing and they can play, and though none of the three has sensational gifts, each is a really distinguished musician, mistress of the best traditions of her art, quite incapable of appealing to any but the musical instinct of the audience. They have played and sung together under the guidance and direction of one who is *au courant* of the finest musical traditions, and the result is such an ensemble as the concert-hall seldom hears. To hear the Misses Eyre is a liberal education, and it cultivates a very necessary intolerance of much that is merely glittering, meretricious—and popular—in both singing and playing to-day. Their programme was worthy of their gifts, including as it did a Mozart trio and three-part songs by Schumann, Ernest Walker, and others, as well as a Brahms sonata for violin and piano. The Misses Eyre should have a great professional career before them—great in the sense that they will inspire among those who are fortunate enough to hear them a genuine love for fine music, rendered with sincerity, capacity, and true feeling, and quite free from the suggestion of mere professional facility.

COMMON CHORD.



**Motorists as Free Carriers!**

There are certain fatuous people who, amongst other things, coolly suggest that motorists keen to popularise the motor-car should offer free lifts to pedestrians overtaken on country roads. What next shall we be supposed to do to palliate prejudice and assuage animus? Soon we shall be expected to call at wayside houses as common carriers without remuneration. And all that we may be suffered the use of the roads, towards which automobilism pays more than any other form of traffic, and to the use of which we have an equal right with all! A motorists' subscription for presenting motor-cars to the members of the Hayward's Heath, Guildford, and Kingston Benches will be the next suggestion.

**A. A. Scouts and Police.** When the police and the Automobile Association

foregather, the lion may be said to be lying down with the lamb. Nevertheless, in clean counties, the A.A. scouts time and again afford valuable assistance to the police, which from time to time the latter most gratefully acknowledge. For instance, during the Blackpool Aviation Week motorists concentrated in hundreds upon that great Lancashire seaside resort, and the Chief Constable there—who, more power to him, has consistently refused to allow a trap to be worked in the area over which he rules—was pleased to accept the Association's offer to supplement the work of his officers by placing special patrols on duty at various points. So valuable was the assistance rendered by the scouts at a time of particular stress that the Chief Constable subsequently addressed a cordial letter of thanks to Colonel Bosworth for the help rendered.

**Rapid Club Growth.**

Either the growth of automobilism or the attraction of the palatial club house to be in Pall Mall is sending up the membership of the Royal Automobile Club by leaps and bounds. At a meeting held on Wednesday, Dec. 8, no fewer than 212 candidates were elected to ordinary membership, and ten to new life-membership, bringing the total number of elected members of the club on the roll to no less a figure than 5107. I am speaking without my book, but I am under the impression that this is a world's record in the membership of a social club. The entrance-fee remains at twelve guineas only until Dec. 31.

**Car-Lending at Election Time.** The question of lending motor-cars to intending candidates at the forthcoming General Election is fraught with so much importance to automobilism in the immediate future that I make no excuse for returning to it. The suggestion that no conditions shall be made is absurd. To-day no election can be successfully fought

without the assistance of motor-cars, and for motorists to render help—to lend expensive vehicles, which are bound to sustain very serious damage—without getting a *quid pro quo* is to expect too much of poor human nature. But it is, of course, a little difficult to know just how to arrange matters, and, for reasons best known to themselves, the General Committee of the R.A.C. have not thought it desirable to formulate a series of questions or to organise supplies of motor-cars where desirable. A candidate might be asked to subscribe to three points—namely, reduction of the petrol-tax to twopence per gallon, the taxation of cars per unit of horsepower, the abolition of the speed-limit, the reduction of fines for trivial and technical offences, and the institution of an inquiry into the ferocious persecution of motorists by the police and magistrates in certain notorious parts of the country.

**Amateur Motoring and Its Stumbling-Block.**

There is little doubt that many amateur motorists would follow the sport of motoring were it not for the fact that in nearly every case they find themselves up against the trade. The difficulties with which a private owner has to contend in competitions with other motorists who frequently have special cars, specially tuned up, placed at present, and account for the stagnation of amateur motor sport. Apropos of this much-vexed question, I note that Mr. Bischoff will read a paper before the Royal Automobile Club on Jan. 13 next, wherein he will deal with and particularise these evils. It is not suggested, but it is nevertheless devoutly to be wished, that he will then propose a remedy for what is admittedly a very lamentable state of things.

**An Opulent Company.** Truly, the shareholders

of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company must have listened with the warmest pleasure to the speech of their chairman, Mr. Harvey Du Cros sen., on Tuesday, 14th inst. It was reassuring to hear that the goodwill had been further reduced by £75,000, making £195,000 in the last three years; also to learn that investments standing at £430,000 were really worth something over £2,000,000. The dividends declared must also be regarded as eminently satisfactory—namely, a further dividend of 5 per cent. for the half-year on the Preference shares, 8 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, and 10 per cent. on the Deferred shares, all to the half-year ending Sept. 30 last. There is no doubt that, taking the motor side of the business alone, there is every prospect of the increased prosperity of this well-managed company, for no tyres on the market are held in better favour by the automobile world than Dunlops.



L'ART NOUVEAU D'AVIATION: A NEW PARISIAN HAND-BAG, WITH A "BLÉRIOT" AS DECORATION.

Photograph by Delius.



HONOURING SANTOS-DUMONT: A STATUE THAT IS TO BE ERECTED IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE IN COMMEMORATION OF FLIGHTS BY THE FAMOUS AVIATOR.

The Aero Club of France has decided to erect this statue, in the Bois de Boulogne, to commemorate the epoch-making flights of Santos-Dumont on Oct. 23 and Nov. 12, 1906. The work was designed by George Colin, and is being executed in bronze by Messrs. Contenot and Lelievre. With its pedestal, it will be 16 feet 3 inches high.

Photograph by W. G. P.



**The Derby.** It is now understood that D. Maher will ride Lemberg in the Derby of 1910, and Alec Taylor thinks the horse will win—and he is no mean judge. I for one certainly should not trust to Neil Gow were any other jockey than Maher in the saddle, as the colt is a bad one at the gate, and it would never do for him to have a lot of ground to make up at the start. Admiral Hawke is very likely to improve by June 1, when the race is set for decision, but on the book he can have no chance with Mr. Fairie's colt; and the same can be said of Greenback, who seemed to run in cycles last season. Charles O'Malley will be well trained for the event, but he will have to improve on his last season's running to have any chance of winning. Others talked about are Cardinal Beaufort, John Splendid, Mount Felix, Protestant Boy, Rochester, Impregnable, and Tressady. Owners should not hesitate to start their horses at Epsom, as the recent history of the race proves that outsiders do win at times. There was not a very wide margin between the best and the worst of the top-class two-year-olds of 1909, and if any owner has a promising "dark" colt engaged I hope he will give it a run, as it may turn out another Jeddah. It is strange, despite the outsiders that win sometimes at Epsom, that no one now makes a yearling book on the Derby. The young baronet who now has big mining interests in South Africa lost heavily on his volume, and he gave up the game in disgust some years back.

**S.P. Coups.** Since the National Hunt season has begun there have been no end of starting-price coups brought off, and only one that I have heard of failed to synchronise. These jobs are worked so closely that it is impossible to act on them after they arrive at the commission-agents'. That is to say, the order to bet does not arrive until within a few minutes of the start. I remember a case, many years since, when an amateur opened an office in the West End, and welcomed all starting-price coups. But he simply used them for his own benefit. His rule was that the horses to be backed should be known to him half-an-hour before the start. Then he had a large number of telephones to the offices of other commission-agents, and he would lay his brother-traders all the other horses in the race, and, in time, would back the job with them. He made a lot of money at this game in a very short time. At length, however, the other bookies tumbled

to the secret, and they in turn tried the same plan, with the result that it became a case of dog eating dog and confusion worse confounded. Eventually the money was sent back to the course by some of the layers, and the scheme was exploded. If some of the active starting-price men of to-day could only publish the names of horses that were backed to win and did win when on the book they had no chance whatever, it is questionable whether the level-headed punter would have anything more to do with the game. I should like a law passed to allow the bookie to plead starting-price job, and be freed from payment in those cases.

**Holiday Meetings.** There will be fewer meetings than usual decided during the holiday week. Racing takes place on Boxing Day at Hooton Park, Kempton Park, Dunstall Park, and Catterick Bridge; and at the three last-named meetings on the Tuesday as well. Newbury occupies the Wednesday and Thursday, while Manchester and Hurst Park, unfortunately, clash on the Friday and Saturday. Of course, the Northerners will patronise Castle



"YAO, THE OBEDIENT IGUANA."

"This reptile represents a powerful and ugly species of lizard. Yao has been tamed, and displays interesting antics of climbing and jumping to illustrate the actions of the wild iguana. The picture shows him stopped to demonstrate the long stride of the iguana in running."

Irwell, while the Southerners will make for Molesey Hurst; but the sport at either place is likely to be poor, as there will not be enough horses and good jockeys to go round. The great drawback to holiday meetings is the pinched prices offered by the bookmakers, and it is at those times that the totalisator should be encouraged. True, the mutual does not pay back your stake, but you do get fair prices, and if I am not greatly mistaken, "machine" betting has come to stay, and I hear that a big syndicate intend running the "tote" for all it is worth at all the flat-race meetings in 1910. One reason why at Bank Holiday fixtures the price is so bad is that the starting-price offices are closed, and many of the horses owned by the big betting men are simply out for an airing; while another reason for upsets is that second-class jockeys are often put up on first-class horses, simply because the best riders are not available. Luckily, however, the little punter who only goes racing at holiday times has the courage of his opinion, and he does not believe in the book. He proceeds to find winners on his own, and oftener than not tumbles across a long-priced winner by sheer accident.

**CAPTAIN COE.**

*Captain Coe's "Racing Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.*



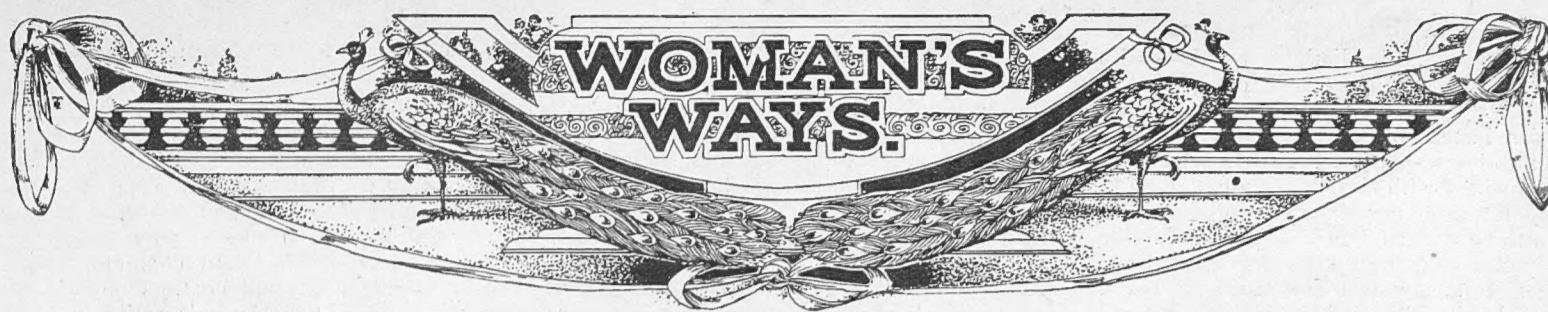
A ROUNDABOUT FOR ROLLER-SKATERS: A CURIOUS DEVICE AT THE HAMPSTEAD RINK.

It will be noted that, as the skaters move forward, they "strap-hang." Thus they not only turn the machine, but, if their feet should leave the ground, are prevented from falling.—[Photograph by Halftones.]

**CHURCH VERSUS STAGE ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD: MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER KICKING OFF, WITH MR. GEORGE ROBEY IN CLOSE ATTENDANCE.**

Church and Stage met on the football field the other day, in the cause of charity. The team representing the Stage was captained by George Robey, and included Mr. Robert Hale, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Mr. Arthur Wontner, Mr. Basil Foster, Mr. Dan Rolyat, and Mr. Harry Welchman. Included in the Church team were four old Blues. Mr. George Alexander kicked off. The Church won by seven goals to one.—[Photograph by W. G. P.]

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Concerning Cats.** Much comment has been aroused by the unhandsome treatment of cats in Maurice Maeterlinck's beautiful play "The Blue Bird." I must say that in the attitude he takes up towards our mysterious comrade of the hearth the great Flemish dramatist is less modern, less subtle than he shows himself in all the other relations of life. In this, Maurice Maeterlinck is eminently un-French, for the Gaul of genius is invariably deeply attached to his cat. Like the ancient Egyptian, he sees all that there is of inscrutable, profound, dignified, yet passionate in the soul of a feline companion. No wonder that in Egypt, where the intellectuals were mystics, Pasht was a god, to be worshipped and enshrined. The Sphinx itself—that emblem of the Secret of Life—is half human, half feline. For centuries Pussy was maligned and traduced, "swung" in rooms which were too small for the operation, "jibed at," "set on" by dogs, who were incited to the cruel sport by Man. But during the last dozen years or so the cat—beautiful to look at, thrilling to touch—has come into his own. There is a positive cult of this exquisite creature, who, to his credit be it said, like all commanding personalities, arouses the intensest passions of love, hatred, and fear. There are people—our most famous General among them—who cannot be in the same room with one without a feeling of horror. There are great poets—one has recently passed away—who received profound inspiration from the illimitable eyes of a silent, round-cheeked tabby.

**On Parcels.** This is a week in which we are chiefly occupied in untying or tying up paper parcels. Now the giving of Christmas presents would be an easy—even an agreeable—matter if only brown paper grew in cupboards, and string and sealing-wax sprang out of the carpet like the lilies of the field. But in no house that I know are these necessary—nay, indispensable—things laid in with a lavish hand. Moreover, the brown paper which covers the presents sent to you is never large enough to enwrap the object which you are sending away, and as you have recklessly cut the string, it, too, cannot be used again. You will try to do it, of course, before you go to the desperate expedient of sending to the nearest stationer's shop, and hence much waste of time, temper, and energy. Yet all this must be undergone in

with a childish curiosity. Therein lies the whole art of gifts. I have seen young things of eighty opening parcels with the same pink cheeks and shining eyes they exhibited in like circumstances at eight. The pleasurable emotion is eternal.

#### The Revival of Christmas.

It is natural that a religious revival (or, at least, a spiritual revival) should bring in its train a re-born interest in Christmas. Not that we all sit down, as in olden times, in vast family parties which resembled the gathering of a clan, to eat plum-pudding together on the twenty-fifth of December. Such purely domestic festivities are reserved nowadays for certain old-fashioned rusticating families. But, in one form or another, we shall all "keep Christmas" in 1909. Some of us celebrate the great winter festival by fleeing these sombre shores, and going as fast and as far as boat and express will take us. The elderly fare luxuriously in *wagons-lits*, to the Riviera; the young and curly cram the trains to Switzerland, sitting up all night, and are content to sleep in a cupboard when they get there. Artificial jollity and machine-made gaiety are provided in profusion at the modish hotels and restaurants, so that there is no one so lonely in London but he can eat of Christmas fare amidst a splutter of crackers and the suavest of Vienna waltz-tunes. Moreover, the grown-up Londoner celebrates Christmas by buying all the toys he reasonably can; by going night after night to all the children's plays and pantomimes; and by abasing himself at the feet of all those charming people who still wear latchet-shoes and pinafores, and have mysterious, adorable smiles. After all, Christmas is the festival of a Child, and it is meet that our tiny contemporaries should rule us, at this season, with a rod of barley-sugar.

#### The Human Sleeve-Dog.

Whenever I see a beautiful lady in a Limousine with a Pekin sleeve-dog peeping wistfully from under her arm, I think of the human sleeve-dogs—often enough young men of high lineage—whose lives pass in something the same manner. "Taken up" and patronised, petted and spoiled, for a season or two by some alluring woman of the great world, they fall out of favour as quickly, and are discarded as remorselessly, as last year's jewel or last month's hat. Indeed, their fate is pitiable. For the modish person to whom they trust their happiness is far more devoted to her dogs than to her admirers. The latter she knows she can replace at any moment, whereas she may set her affections on some prize-bred canine friend who cannot be matched or equalled. Besides, the "Pekin" calls out some of those maternal and protective instincts which are, after all, the most attractive traits in every woman, but which it would be ludicrous to bestow upon "Algie." This unfortunate breed of young man—and he is not always as despicable as the specimen in "Smith"—deserves a Society for his protection, or at any rate for his suppression. For in the process of petting by his charmer he becomes absolutely unfitted to fulfil any more useful rôle in life than the sleeve-dog he so closely resembles.



[Copyright.]

**A GENDARM'S BLUE-SERGE COSTUME.**  
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

a civilised community if one is to enjoy the age-old emotion of untying, at Christmas time, parcels addressed to oneself. This, I take it, is one of the pure, unalloyed joys left to us in a sophisticated age, for it partakes of the pleasures of hope and is seasoned



[Copyright.  
AN EVENING BLOUSE IN BLACK POINT D'ESPRIT.  
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

**Cheery Cousin** Fatherly relations with the festive season seem to have changed into cheerier cousinly ones, the spirit of which spreads further. Family parties, instead of being confined only to relatives, have broadened out into house-parties. People who are unattached or travelling are provided with Christmas fare and good cheer at hotels. There is not the same narrowing-down of the Christmas feeling that there used to be under fatherly auspices. Many families leave home and enjoy change as well as wider companionship. At the Métropole Hotel, Folkestone, there are concerts, Cinderella dances, and a visitors' ball. There is grand sea air, and motoring and golfing by day. At the London Métropole a New Year's Eve supper is in contemplation, and a vocal and instrumental concert will take place. Gourmands and gourmets alike will appreciate the supper, which costs five shillings each person, and hundreds have already booked tables.

**Canvassing and Christmas.** There is a charming connection between the two. To canvass successfully a woman must look her best. New furs and new hats; new coats and new skirts; new boots and new gloves; new veils and new flower-knots—my lady who canvasses must be fitted at all points perfectly, and the male relative must count the fitting of her among his election expenses. This he can do without fear of being indicted for either bribery or corruption. It is a time of gifts, too, and the lady who is always generous at this season of year can be doubly so with no occasion for remark. Pleasure to others is the motto of the season; voters are "others" upon whom pleasure bestowed may bring material as well as spiritual advantage. Christmas confers great opportunities on canvassers which will doubtless be made the most of.

**Wasp Waists.** All the signs of the times point to the return of the wasp waist. The up-and-down, straight and slim woman is to disappear, and the much-indentured lady will take her place. Will the type of woman vary with the style? It would seem almost as if the return of the pinched-in waist was a trick of the man-milliner to reduce our sex to a becoming subserviency once more. The Early Victorian women of immense sensibility were corseted for the small waist. They could not horsewhip Ministers, or arrange to lie on their backs in the Albert Hall organ for forty-eight hours, armed with a bag of food and a megaphone; or spend the night, with the temperature below freezing-point, on a roof, in order to proclaim the rights of their sex to the vote. To be sure, the starvation phase was known to the wasp-waisted in the 'forties, although the cause was personal and not party. If the man-milliner works his wicked will, militant Suffragettes may become dainty, delicate, and reticent, fainting at a rebuke and blushing at a word! Their best friends won't know them, so altered will their form be.

**The Feather for Flight.** Lightness and warmth are the requisites in dress for the women who would fly. The latest peltry is just the thing; moreover, although it looks like fur, it is really feather. I saw a Countess at a wedding the other day wearing a coat of it almost to the hem of her dress. It is eider-duck, and it looks like chinchilla, but is more delicate in colour. A big grannie muff was carried by the Countess who wore the coat; in it a spray of holly leaves and berries was fastened. It did look so cosy and Christmassy. The whole coat would not weigh as much as a fur collar, and would be so warm and durable. I think there is a future for eider-duck, whether we fly or not.

**The Outrageous Osprey.** What exactly the charm is about the osprey to women of fashion I cannot quite conceive. It is very expensive, very perishable, not pretty. A man of my acquaintance says little ladies wear it to add to their height. Hardly had he made the remark than a very tall woman came along, wearing half-a-foot of bushy white osprey in a black toque. "I give it up," said he; "unless they do it to spoil the view." What view? I wonder; the one they spoil most effectually is that women are kind and reasonable creatures. I am very glad to notice that ladies generally remove their hats now at morning performances at the theatre. This will be good news for the children who will be flocking to the plays prepared for them just now.

**Winter Wear.** On "Woman's Ways" page drawings will be found of a gendarme blue-serge coat and skirt, trimmed with Russian braid ornaments, and worn in Russian style, with a belt; also of an evening blouse, in black point d'esprit, with handsome jet embroidery and trimming.

Smokers will be glad to hear of an invention which facilitates the filling of a pipe. The "Baron" patent automatic pipe-filler consists of a neat little nickelled waistcoat-pocket apparatus, and paper-cased cartridges holding the tobacco. One of these "cartridges" having been placed in the pipe-filler, the pressure of a finger discharges the tobacco into the pipe-bowl. The inventor, Mr. Bernhard, also invented the cigarette-making machine. Two tobaccos are obtainable in the special cartridges for the pipe-filler—Craven mixture and Black Cat mixture, the prices being the same as for the loose tobacco. Craven cartridges are put up in 1-oz. boxes at 8d. each—an innovation which will doubtless be popular.

## GENERAL NOTES.

THE Germans are apt to take up everything with a seriousness which is portentous, and nothing amazes them more than the "casualness" of English manners. Even in a short visit there must be rites and ceremonies, profuse apologies, bows, gestures, scrapings, wafting of hats, floods of verbiage about nothing at all. The well-bred Englishman, with his easy manners, his quiet voice, his reticence, and his you-can-take-it-or-leave-it expression, is a wonder and a mystery to the average Teuton, who perhaps in his heart would like to acquire these ultra-modern characteristics, together with his Bond Street hat, cravat, and coat. One of the most amusing scenes in the Countess von Arnim's satire, "The Caravaners," depicts how a strange parson visited the camp and, quite unsolicited, committed the social outrage of helping himself to a biscuit at tea, and how this solecism created no amazement. Then follows a diverting account of how a German Pfarrer would be received under like conditions in the Teutonic Fatherland, the way he would abase himself, the humiliations he would endure.

Nowadays it is not enough to be merely up to date. One has to be a considerable time ahead of it. Annual books of reference, for instance, like Christmas numbers, come out a month or so before the beginning of the year for which they are published. And so our old friend Whitaker is with us once more in a new garb—"Whitaker's Almanack," that is, for the year of grace 1910. It is safe to say that Whitaker will endure as long as the British Empire. The new volume is as compact, informing, and indispensable as ever. Much new information has been added on events of the past year. Do you wish to recall the ascertained facts about Cook and Peary? Consult Whitaker. Do you require the aeronautic records of this *annus mirabilis* 1909? Whitaker supplies them. Do you want to know the time—of a big athletic record? Ask Whitaker. In short, there is hardly any fact connected with matters of contemporary interest, not to mention a good deal of history and general knowledge, which the immortal Whitaker fails to supply. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen—

We have received from Messrs. Batger and Co. some very pretty crackers and various novelties for Christmas table decorations. One long narrow box contains a row of six charming paper fairies all bespangled with gold, with a background of coloured glass, each of different hue. Another box holds a bouquet of poppies and sundry artificial flowers, and has crackers attached. A delightful box for children is the one called Batger's Universal Stores, in which is everything necessary to keeping a toy grocer's shop. Among crackers of the orthodox shape the Polar crackers are exquisite in design, while the glittering and gaudily coloured "Transformation" crackers, with a fairy on each, are sure to be popular with little people. Another box that is bound to be an immense favourite with the children is that containing a very openwork Christmas stocking, through whose meshes all kinds of alluring toys can be despatched. It is called "Our Girls' Lucky Stocking," and very likely there are many small boys of tender age who would be equally pleased with it.

Among the most beneficial of the results so far achieved by the efforts of the Suffragettes, and one that is likely to be very popular with all parties (political or otherwise), is the card-game of "Panko; or, 'Votes for Women.'" The pictures on the cards are by E. T. Reed, of *Punch*; which is equivalent to saying that they are A1. Packs of these amusing cards can be obtained of Messrs. Peter Gurney, Ltd., 2, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. (It is not stated whether his partners are "Peter Davey, Harry Hawk, old Uncle Tom Cobley, and all," as they sing in "Widdecombe Fair.")

"Smith Major, Myself, and a Brownie" is the title (based, of course, on the analogy of "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham") of a readable booklet, written in the form of a dialogue between two public schoolboys, describing the methods of using a Kodak Brownie Camera. The Brownie—who, by the way, is painted green—figures in the illustrations as a little pixy man or fairy leprechaun. There can be no more delightful, and at the same time useful, hobby for young folks than photography with a Brownie Kodak. The abolition of the dark-room makes it all "so simple." The Head Offices of Kodak, Ltd., are at 57-61, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

Once more, as Christmas comes round, the name of Tom Smith and his famous crackers springs to the lips of those who are going about to make their preparations for the festive day. As his beautifully illustrated catalogue, with its numerous coloured plates (in itself an attractive picture-book), abundantly shows, the quality and variety of his productions are as wonderful as ever. In fact, if possible, he has surpassed himself. There are tasteful crackers for the grown-ups, and innumerable crackers containing toys of various kinds to delight the children. Some of the most up-to-date, which will doubtless be very popular, are the South Pole Crackers, the Model Aeroplane Crackers, the Motoring and the Golfing Crackers, the Telephonograms, the Suffragette Crackers, and the Boy Scouts Surprise Crackers. There are any number of other kinds, as well as an infinite variety of little toys filled with fondants, chocolates, and other sweets.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 24.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE ELECTION.

WHEREAS a month ago the betting in the Stock Exchange ran decidedly in favour of a return of the Liberal Party to power, the chances are now considered to have changed sides, and wagers have been booked with odds on a Unionist majority. So far as the probable effect upon prices is concerned, the outlook is tolerably clear. If the Liberals get back, it will be with a majority too small to allow the party any indulgence in "extreme" legislation. If the Opposition win, prices will have an improvement to start with. So, anyway, the prospects need ruffle nobody's digestion at the festive season so close at hand.

It is a little-known fact that on small amounts of stock the Bank of England, and some of the other banks, do not deduct income-tax when paying the interest. So a small investor, by splitting up his money into several stocks, can get dividends paid him in full.

## COMPARISONS ARE—

This time last year the Home Railway prospect was the reverse of "merry and bright." At the present time, the greatest pessimist amongst us is known to cherish a lurking sympathy for the Home Railway Market. Just a few prices, comparing those of last New Year's Eve with the current values, are really rather instructive. We will not bore you with a tedious list—

Stock	Dec. 31, 1908.	Dec. 16, 1909.	Rise or Fall.
Brighton Deferred	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{4}$	-1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Great Eastern	65 $\frac{1}{4}$	61 $\frac{1}{4}$	-3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Western	123 $\frac{3}{4}$	120 $\frac{1}{4}$	-3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Northern Deferred	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	42 $\frac{1}{2}$	-2
Hull and Barnsley	47 $\frac{1}{2}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$	+6 $\frac{1}{2}$
London and North-Western	133	133 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ $\frac{1}{2}$
Midland Deferred	55 $\frac{3}{4}$	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	+1 $\frac{3}{4}$
North-Eastern Consols	128	130	+2
South-Eastern Deferred	32 $\frac{1}{4}$	30	-2 $\frac{1}{4}$

In view of the greatly improved outlook now as compared with that of a twelvemonth ago, the figures are worth pondering.

## DIVIDENDS ON DEFERRED STOCKS.

In looking at the quotations of Home Railway stocks, it must not be forgotten that the Deferred issues carry dividends for the full year—not for the last half only. Thus, Brighton Deferred is *cum* 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., or possibly 4 per cent. Great Northern Deferred will most likely receive 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., Midland Deferred 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., South Western Deferred 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. These were the rates distributed for 1908. Brighton Deferred received 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. In the market the dealers are not "going for" a decrease in any of the cases instanced, and even if a reduction should be made, it is certain to be very slight. South Eastern Deferred got 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.—that was ten years ago, and— However, this is no time for unkindness.

## AMERICANISMS.

Steel Common are to be put up to par. The only barrier to the price attaining this summit will be labour difficulties. Bar those, the shares will certainly reach the round hundred.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Rock Island "tip" may be chronicled as amongst the very few which, being widely circulated, carried prophecy to fulfilment. As in the case of every share that advances, Rocks are talked still higher.

\* \* \* \* \*

Atchisons have been tolerably quiescent of late. At the current rate of dividend, the shares yield practically 5 per cent. on the money. There is scope for a rise both in the dividend and the price.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next year, some say, will see the biggest boom in Yankees ever witnessed. A large order, is it not? Prices are already at fairly high levels, and there cannot possibly be as much chance for a sensational movement as at a time when prices are comparatively low.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the cheaper list Eries are being singled out for polite attention by the bulls; and the rise in National Railways of Mexico Second Preferred shares may easily progress a few more points.

## ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS.

It is quite right and reasonable that, in the report of the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation, and at the meeting of shareholders, much stress should be laid upon the profits likely to be earned in the latter half of 1910, because then the roasting and other new plant will be in full operation. But look at the thing quietly. The consulting engineer hopes to raise the monthly profit to £23,000,

or perhaps even £25,000 a month. Take it at the top figure, and say £300,000 a year, from which certain construction and other expenses have to be deducted. The current price of the shares is about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and there are something like a million shares issued, making a total market capitalisation of over two million pounds sterling. To pay 10 per cent. on that requires, say, £210,000 clear profit, and if the Company is making as much as that within the next eighteen months, it will be fortunate. As a spec., Ashanti Goldfields are possibly cheap. On their merits, they stand high enough, for the present.

## TRUST COMPANIES.

Some of the Financial Trust Companies' stocks which have been recommended from time to time in this column can be picked up unusually cheap at the moment. I may specially mention the Deferred stock of the *Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust* at 127, and the 4 per cent. Cumulative Preferred stock of the *Alliance Investment Trust Company* at 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ . *Foreign and Colonial Deferred* has been as high as 135 this year, and is certainly a bargain at its present price, seeing that the balance dividend of the year—namely, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.—is due next month. The Company has paid 7 per cent. on the Deferred stock since 1905, and there is no doubt that this rate of dividend will be maintained. *Alliance Investment Preferred* pays over 5 per cent. at its present price, and has been 95 this year.

## CITY DEEP.

To anyone unacquainted with the vagaries of the Stock Exchange it must seem curious that *City Deep* shares should be quoted 10s. a share cheaper now than they were six months ago, seeing that the mine is by so much nearer the crushing, and consequently dividend-paying, stage, and that developments continue to be eminently satisfactory. The recent quarterly report brings matters up to Sept. 30, and can be briefly summarised. During the three months under review work was still practically confined to the Main Reef Leader, driving upon which at the various levels developed 288,472 tons of an average value of 8.2 dwt. per ton. It is to be noted that the whole of the ore developed in this reef is again classified as payable. The total payable ore developed up to Sept. 30 amounted to 1,493,175 tons of an average value of 8.9 dwt. It may be well to compare these figures with those of some of the other mines which have reached the crushing stage.

	Ore Reserves.	Assay Value.	Profit per ton in
			Tons. Dwt. £ s. d.
Simmer and Jack..	2,459,000	6.5	0 16 6
Robinson Deep ..	1,022,000	7.2	0 15 6
Knight's Deep ..	1,569,000	6.0	0 10 3
Nourse Mines ..	2,100,910	7.1	0 11 0
Crown Mines ..	4,482,487	7.9	0 16 10
City Deep..	1,493,175	8.9	—

It will be noticed that none of these mines, which are earning up to nearly 17s. per ton profit, have as high a value ascribed to their reserves of ore as the *City Deep* Company. It is indicated in the report that during the next few months there will be a falling-off in the rate at which the ore reserves are increased. This is due to the fact that it is necessary to undertake other work preparatory to the commencement of stoping operations. In other words, everything is to be got ready so that crushing may begin on the date at which it is now hoped that this may be possible—namely, July 1, 1910, as to which it is notified that "work in connection with the reduction plant is proceeding satisfactorily." I need not go again into the estimates as to future profits which have been formed upon the figures available; it is sufficient to say that on a most conservative basis it is considered certain that by this time next year the company should be earning and paying dividends at the rate of 50 per cent per annum, which figure should gradually be increased. I may add that by that time the shares will not be obtainable at their present price.

Q. Thursday, Dec. 16, 1909.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

LAW.—We have very little sympathy with your letter. The Company's assets will realise better under a voluntary than a compulsory liquidation, and while inquiry is a good thing, it is vital to the large shareholders to have the calls kept low. It is always the small fry who howl for vengeance and waste a little of their own and a great deal of other people's money in trying to get it.

AXE.—Your list is a good one. Add Rio de Janeiro 5 per cent. new loan or Cuba Gold Bonds.

F. E. P.—The people are circularising touts, and you can probably buy the shares cheaper in the market. We once telegraphed to them for some shares they offered below the market price, but they had been disposed of!

J. E. P.—"Q" says he will venture on no more advice in reference to the Company you name.

INCOME TAX.—Under the present law, if you reside in America you would get your tax back; but the Budget proposed to alter this. If you consult the Income Tax Adjustment Agency, Ltd., The Poultry, E.C., they will do all the work for you and charge a small percentage on what they recover.

NOTE.—In consequence of this issue and the next going to press early, we must ask the indulgence of our correspondents if they find their letters unanswered.

We are asked to state that the transfer-books of Messrs. Mappin and Webb (1908), Ltd., relating to the 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock, will be closed from Dec. 20 until Dec. 31, 1909, inclusive.

## RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Kempton the following may go close: Christmas Hurdle, Lister; Hounslow Steeplechase, Tilston; Chiswick Hurdle, Old Nick; Sunbury Steeplechase, Wickham; Kew Hurdle, Mitral; Mortlake Hurdle, Sunrise. At Hooton, St. Benet may win the Westminster Steeplechase and Tankard the Cheshire Hurdle. At Dunstall the Wolverhampton Hurdle may go to Bona, and the Christmas Steeplechase to Let Go the Painter. At Catterick the Christmas Hurdle may be won by Wiry Mac, and the Catterick Hurdle by Water Flag.

## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"It Never Can Happen Again."  
By WILLIAM DE MORGAN.  
(Heinemann.)

It never can happen again, certainly, this Victorian prodigality of material and labour. There were giants in those days, and one of them has survived into our own, an object of wonderment to the hurry-scurrying twentieth century. "It Never Can Happen Again," with its wealth of leisure and humour and rambling character-study, fills the eye in much the same way that one of the crack mail-coaches of the past might fill it if it appeared, spanking grey horses, autocratic coachman and all, among the motor cars upon the Great North Road. Mr. William de Morgan is splendidly out of season. He puts up a single-handed fight against the convention of the concentrated novel, against morbid psychology, against the accepted rules (why accepted, heaven knows) of plot-construction, and he emerges triumphant. You may begin by saying that a new novel in two fat volumes is preposterous; but you will not be able to read far into Mr. de Morgan's book without recantation. There is not a word too much, and yet it is twice the length of the average novel. But then it is so much bigger all round than the average novel that it is not possible to measure it by the common standard. Is it Dickens again? Well, no; those superb fires of adolescence are not to be rekindled by an author who, as he says in the note to his readers, has entered upon his seventy-first year. It is, however, the harvest of a wise and witty mind, garnered in by a hand that has in no wise lost its cunning with the years. There are two stories, arbitrarily united towards the close, but having really very little to do with each other, unless as examples of different kinds of love. Jim Coupland, ex-sailor and blind beggar, was a better man than Sir Alfred Challis, the successful novelist, and very unsuccessful husband. The central figure is Jim's small daughter, Lizarann. If Lady Challis, or her husband's flame, the haughty Judith, could have taken a leaf out of her book—! Unhappily, the world we live in is divided into watertight compartments, where slum children and fine (or suburban) ladies must dwell forever apart.

"The Wrong Side of Destiny."  
By EDITH MARY MOORE.  
(Cassell.)

The grip that would have made "The Wrong Side of Destiny" a very good novel indeed is lacking to Mrs. Edith Mary Moore. As it is, the book is above the average. It flags, curiously enough, for the reason that has carried so many women's novels to success—an overshadowing femininity. The principals are a woman, her husband, her Galahad-like lover, and her two sons, and there is not one of the masculine characters who

does not fail in actuality just when a little less delicacy, a little more breadth of vision would have made him live. We feel that these people are not really men, but men as the women at home see them, removed from the dust of the arena, apart from their Rabelaisian humours, their ethical timidities, and their commercial brutalities. It is necessary for Mrs. Moore's purpose that they should be incomplete, for a normal allowance of virility in any one of them would have destroyed the nice balance of the story, which is not concerned with primitive instincts, but with the highly artificial solution of a problem. Rose Esquilant, if she had been the perceptive mother and sympathetic genius she is made out to be—and she is drawn with much fine feeling—could surely never have made the fatal mistake of the last chapter, and neither could her boy have so tragically misunderstood her. David, however, as a study of temperament, is an excellent piece of work.

"A Sense of Scarlet, and Other Stories."  
By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY.  
(Heinemann.)

The effect of "A Sense of Scarlet," looking back upon it after closing the book, is drab-coloured, not to say dismal. The trouble seems to lie, not with Mrs. Henry Dudeney's undoubtedly gift of description, but with her pessimistic attitude towards her fellow-mortals. Mrs. Dudeney writes with so much grim power that the melancholy stories, such as "The Letter Book," or "The Steps," dominate the brighter ones. Even when she ends a tale happily, as in the case of Miss Ackerman, who waited years for her lover's release, and won him at last, she cannot forbear giving it a wry turn. Really, one wonders what is to be done with an author who refuses to be a negligible quantity, and who persists in emphasising the sadness, the sense of tears in mortal things. If her work were ill done, one could afford to ignore it; but these stories represent a painfully—under the circumstances—high order of merit. "Palemon turned his wild head towards the window, and saw nothing but sullen moor and streaming rain; saw hills, morose and dim; saw the far-off, flat sea, spread out as a flabby garment." Here is another sketch, which seems to have been taken straight from the portfolio of a Newlyn artist: "The wildness of a church bell, coming from the distance through the running wind, startled him, shook him. In a little orchard, trees all leaning, a woman was hanging out washing. It was lint-white, or it was in squares of vivid colour—the deep blues and oranges that country washing takes. Seen through the naked trees, the figure of this woman attained a certain severity. . . . Everything . . . was mystical, was humble, was lovely and continent and simple." After all, much may be forgiven to a writer with such a sense of the dignity and restraint of English words.

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

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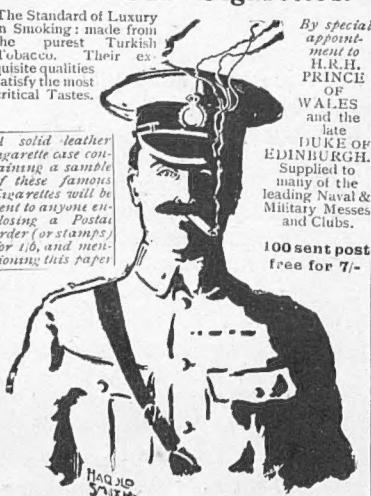
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